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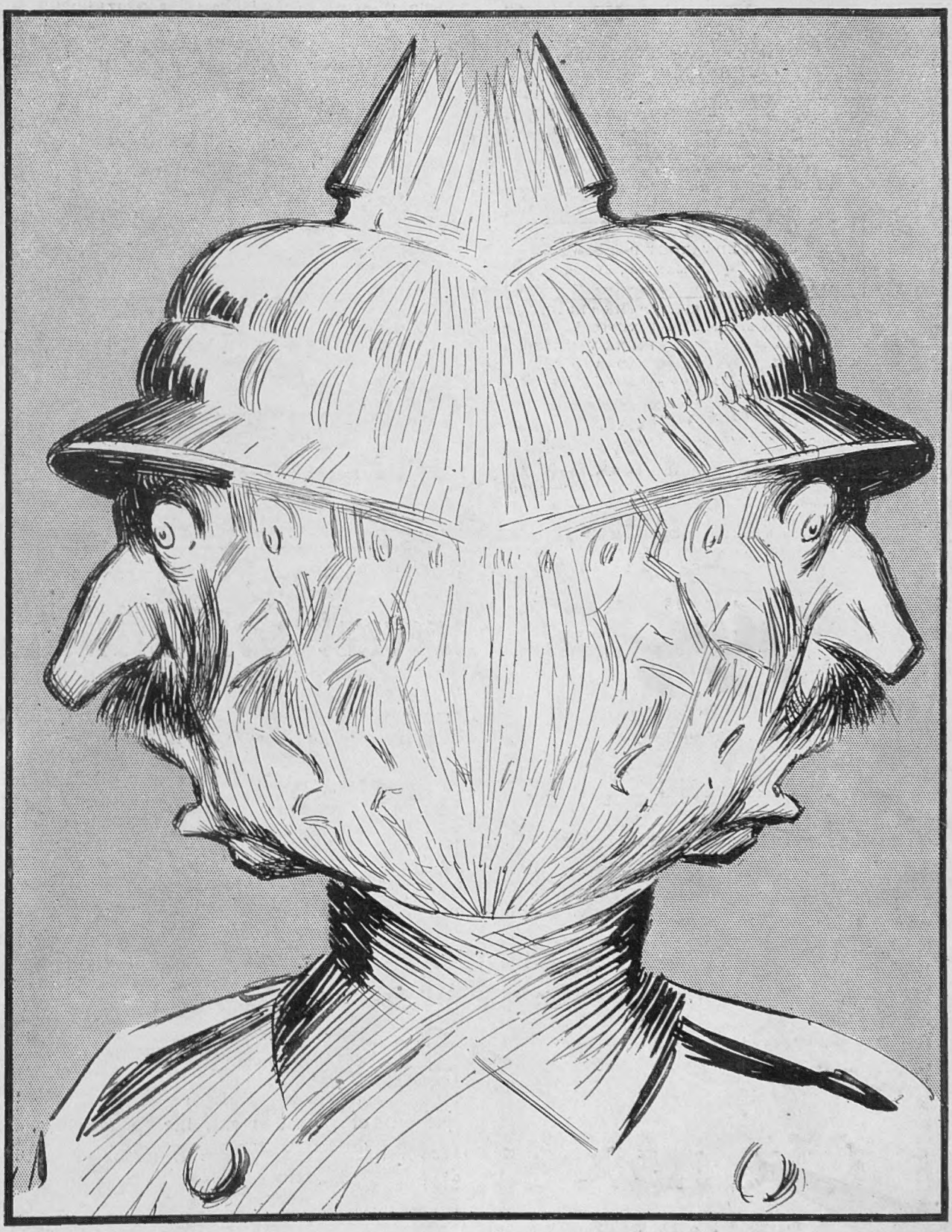
The Bystander, October 6, 1915.—No. 618. Vol. XLVIII

The BYSTANDER



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BY HUTTON MITCHELL

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POSTAGE RATES FOR THIS WEEK'S "BYSTANDER" are as follow: To any part of the United Kingdom, ½d. per copy, irrespective of weight. Canada, under 1½lb. 1½d. To any other part of the world the weight would be ½d. FOR EVERY TWO OUNCES. Care should, therefore, be taken to WEIGH and STAMP correctly all Copies so forwarded.

"Bystander" War Forecast Competition.

DIRECTIONS.

Write to the Editor of "The Bystander," Tallis House, London, E.C., for a copy of our

WAR FORECAST MAP AND ENTRY FORM.

On the map, you are asked to mark the positions which you anticipate will be occupied by the Allied Armies on the cessation of hostilities. Also you are asked to give your forecast of the date at which hostilities will cease.

To the sender of the forecast which is judged by the Editor, on the close of hostilities, to be the most skilful, will be awarded a

Prize of £50

In the event of two or more forecasts being judged of equal merit, the prize will be awarded to the sender of the first of these to reach this office. There is no objection to an individual reader sending additional forecasts in subsequent weeks.

Members of the Services at Home or Abroad are specially invited to compete.

The decision of the Editor must be accepted as final.

N.B.—The last date for entering has been extended to October 27.

BYSTANDER WAR COMMENTS

BY THE EDITOR

Judicial Calm

THE strategic aspect of the new events in the West is dealt with by my military correspondent on page 10. A very necessary institution is a military correspondent, he being no man of moods like oneself, but a corrector of the moods of others. He is ever useful in being able to provide us with silver linings to clouds or flies in ointments, according to whether we are unduly elated or improperly depressed. Experience of this war has taught us that black's never so very black, nor white so very white, that the prevailing tint is grey. For us to believe that the new offensive in the west is the beginning of the end is good for us medicinally. But our expert will see that we do not intoxicate ourselves with optimism, any more than he allowed us in the dark days of the Russian retreat to poison ourselves with pessimism.

***

A Poser for the Pessimists

All I can remark on the new situation is that it makes certain of our professional pessimists look very, very foolish. Whether Joffre's plan of campaign comes off wholly or even in part, the British share in it has proved that there has been no lack of preparedness, of men, or of munitions, at all events, whatever may be the case as regards tactics.

***

Without a Hitch

While we have been all engaged in slanging each other like a crew of Billingsgate fishwives, "over there" things have been getting themselves done without either the knowledge or the assistance of our Yellow Pressimists. While we have been wrangling over the rival merits of Conscription and Voluntarism, of large and small Cabinets, of business *versus* official methods, and so on and so forth, the Cabinet itself has been engaged in the serious business of carrying the campaign a stage nearer a decision, and its arrangements seem, so far as the politicians are concerned, to have gone off without a serious hitch.

***

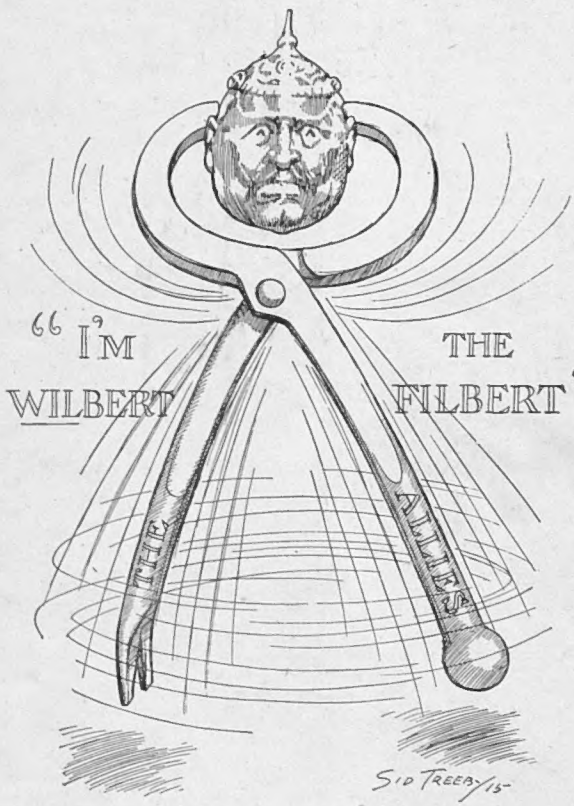
What Britain is Doing

A million men in France, a quarter of a million or thereabouts in Gallipoli, one army ready to take charge of Macedonia, another advancing on Bagdad, and yet another—Somewhere Else, there does not seem much to complain of in the direction of Things Attempted, whatever may be the case with Things Done. Never in the whole of her history has Britain *mattered* so much in the world as she does at this moment, and this the Britain our Pessimists were never tired of calling effete, decadent, and done for.

***

Mobilisation for India

Talking of the Bagdad Expedition, which seems to be getting along so very nicely, a writer in the *Daily Graphic* raises the question of a mobilisation of the whole of India, and a march, by a Grand Indian Army, from the Persian Gulf, *via* Bagdad, to the Bosphorus. In such a march—numerically a vastly bigger affair than the present expedition—the writer expects the Indians would be joined by the Russian Army of the Caucasus. There are always considerations as regards India that the mere European dares not pretend he knows. Among these is, of course, the alleged physical and moral unsuitability of the bulk of the Indian population for fighting. But similar disparagement would have been expressed as to the fighting capacity of the British two years ago.



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Why Not?

One wonders if Indian officialdom has ever thought of educating the Indian native mind to an idea of an *Indian* future as an Asiatic power, as an ally rather than a dependent of the British Empire. Had Germany been in occupation of India these past fifty years one can hardly believe she would have failed to make military use of its eligible manhood. The rallying cry for an Indian mobilisation would be that the Indian route to Europe was endangered by Germany's Bagdad railway plans, which would make the dependency a dependency of—Germany, who also contemplates cutting our sea communications by the seizure of the Suez Canal. It is vital to India's prosperity that she should command her own trade routes. Why should she not, therefore, fight for them, as all the other nations must fight if they are to live?

(Continued on page 6)

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (*concluded from page 5*)

In Camera

In due course we shall hear what actually took place between Lord Kitchener, Mr. Asquith, and the Labour Leaders at that secret meeting to which the two Cabinet chieftains repaired without, so it is said, the knowledge of the Northcliffettes in the Cabinet.

***

Bulgaria's Choice

And then there is, of course, Bulgaria. We do not believe in miracles, and have little hope that the Allies' ultimatum will bring Ferdinand to heel, or that it will even cause a revolution at Sofia. No, we must prepare to reckon with the Bulgars as enemies, and if Greece and Rumania join with France, Russia, England, Serbia and Italy in a war against Germany, Austria, Bulgaria and Turkey the plains of Macedonia will be the scene of the *real* Armageddon.

***

The Real Armageddon

Whether Bulgaria is in with the winners or the losers, her country is likely to out-Belgium Belgium as a scene of desolation. Geographically, her position, in the circumstances, is what the Scotsman would call "jest rideeculous." But it will serve the Bulgars right for having tolerated a German satrap on the throne after the criminal betrayal of his people in 1913, when, in the hope of a mess of Austrian pottage, he threw to the winds the fruits of Bulgaria's great victory over the Turks.

***

The End of Turpitztude

America has already, from "authoritative sources," confirmation of the various rumours as to the number of German submarines captured and sunk by ourselves, also many interesting details as to how Britain has succeeded in achieving the most brilliant feat of the whole war—the abolition of Tirpitztude. In due course, after the said information has been read, marked, learned, and inwardly digested by China, Peru, Zululand, Kamtschatka, Greenland, and the Friendly Islands, no doubt Britain will be allowed to read a censored version of some of the facts. We bide our time in patience, contenting ourselves with thanks to Mr. Balfour for the very pretty way in which he evaded an answer in the Commons last week. His pretty wit covers a multitude of official sins, and if we have to continue to be kept in blind ignorance of our achievements, all we can hope is that to the First Lord will fall the task of putting on the blinkers.

***

Balfourian Versatility

What, by the way, will the Germans have to say when they learn that the man in charge of the sinking of their U boats has been engaged the while in the preparation of a book on *Theism and Humanity?* In other words, preparing Heaven for his own countrymen while giving hell to theirs.

***

The Bishop's Bogey

The Bishop of London has discovered "temptations" in night clubs, and wants them closed. There is much to be said for closing all superfluous places of entertainment at these times, and I for one have never seen the attraction of night clubs under the new licensing order, and with Zeppelins about. But as to the "temptations," from reliable information that has reached me I understand that the term is a gross exaggeration.

***

Equally Necessary

The *Times* is being congratulated for excluding the advertisements of money-lenders. Will it now exclude those of money-borrowers?

***

The Latest Thing in Leagues

It is said that a small group of admirers of the methods of the late Austrian Ambassador in Washington has been formed in Vienna under the name of Our Dumba Friend's League.

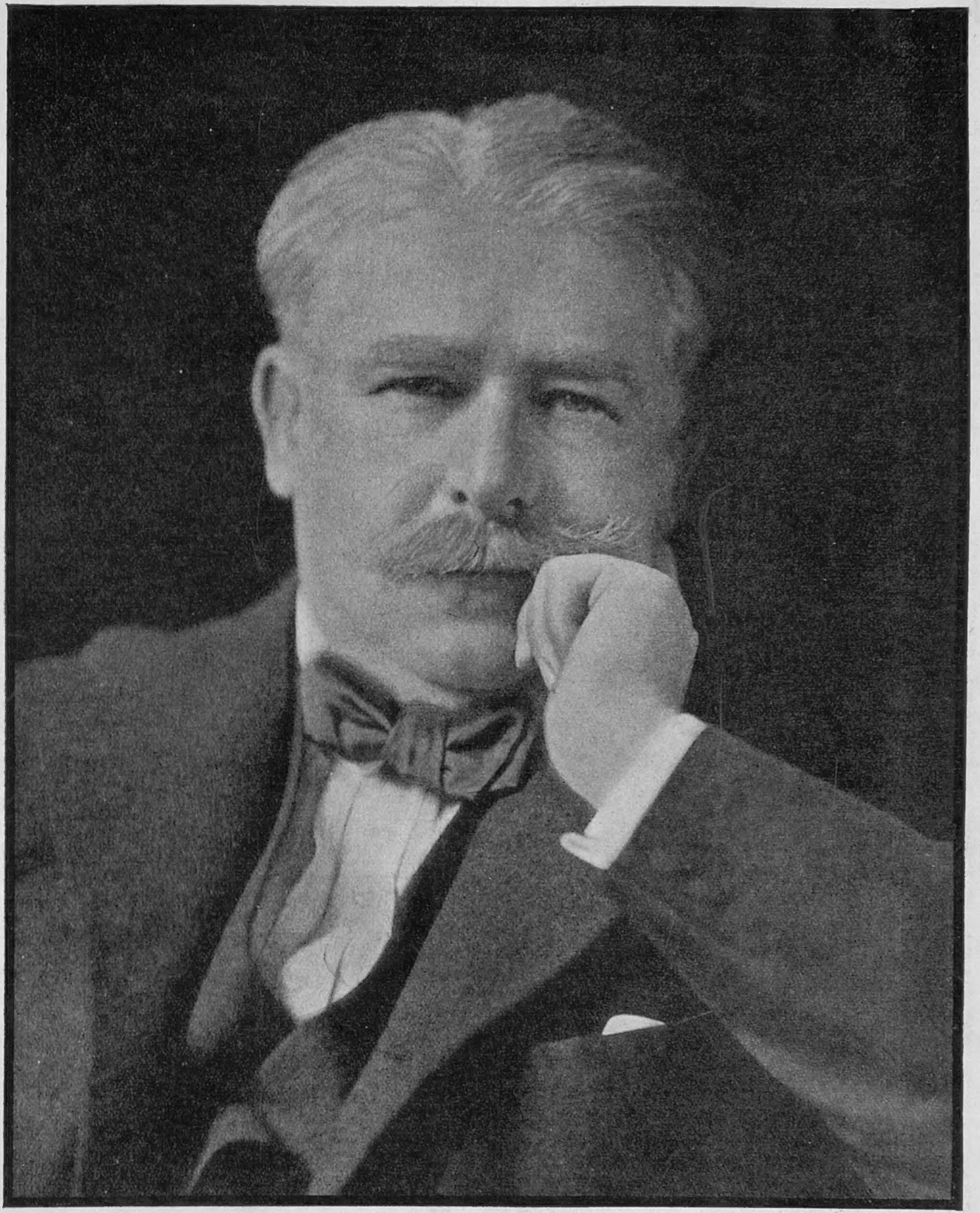
Painfully Prophetic

THE KAISER AND HIS RECRUIT

WILHELM: "Ah! that's right, Ferdy, my boy! We Germans must *hang together*, y' know"

FERDINAND (*sotto voce*): "Beastly unpleasant way of putting it!!!"

The Late Mr. George Edwardes



Camera Portrait *E. O. Hoppé*

THE whole world of London entertainment will hear with great regret of the death, after a lingering illness, of Mr. George Edwardes, the leading figure in theatrical management of the past generation, who has perhaps done more to bring light and joy into the lives of London and the provinces than any other man of his time, preserving at the same time a high standard of refinement and good taste. To Mr. Edwardes's enterprise, England owes pre-eminence in one branch of art—light opera—and recognition of native talent in composition, production and performance. Mr. Edwardes had the misfortune to be a victim of the war, having been detained in Germany for some two and half months after the outbreak of hostilities, during the course of a "cure" at Nauheim. He is succeeded in his business affairs by his daughter, Mrs. Cuthbert Sherbrooke, and in the management of Daly's by Mr. Robert Evett, with whom "The Bystander" has had an interview which appears on page 28 of the current issue. We desire, in consideration for the feelings of Mr. Edwardes's friends and relatives, to state that this interview was granted some time ago, when there was no reason to believe that Mr. Edwardes was in danger, and that its appearance on the morrow of his death is a pure coincidence

"Soothing Syrup?"

WHAT SOME OF OUR CONTEMPORARIES WERE SAYING A YEAR AGO

Extracts from Articles

"*WE do not think there is any need to worry about Antwerp.*"—THE TIMES, October 1, 1914. (*It fell nine days later.*)

. . . . . .

"*The enemy is becoming stale and is feeling the effect of his terrific losses in officers and men.*" . . . .

"*At the end of the first two months of war we find ourselves with plenty of ground for quiet confidence.*"—DAILY MAIL, October 1, 1914.

. . . . . .

"*When the Russians in their hundred thousands get beyond Breslau, as they will in about six weeks' time, they will meet with the utmost resistance.*

"*Whichever way we look at it (Germany), the economic and financial conditions are such that in six months bankruptcy is inevitable.*"—EVENING NEWS, October 1, 1914.

. . . . . .

"*Nothing on our side has been wanting, or will be wanting, to relieve the fortress (Antwerp).*"—Military Correspondent of THE TIMES, October 2, 1914.

. . . . . .

"*Antwerp ought to be safe for a period far longer than will be required to bring relief.*"—THE TIMES, October 2, 1914.

. . . . . .

"*The march of the Russian armies is like the flow of a great river in flood. They pass on with a magnificent inevitability which impresses the whole world.*"—THE TIMES, October 3, 1914.

"*Of all the miscalculations of Germany the greatest must prove to be her exaggerated belief in her military strength.*"

"*Worn and dispirited residue of the Austrian army.*"

"*We do not think they (the Germans) are likely to derive much profit from their assault upon the greatest Belgian stronghold.*"—THE TIMES, October 5, 1914.

Headlines

"BERLIN ANXIETY OVER ALLIES' CONTINUED PROGRESS."—"Daily Mail," October 2, 1914.

"EXHAUSTING THE GERMAN RIGHT. STEADY WANE OF THE ENEMY'S POWER. . . . GERMAN DESPAIR."—"Evening News," October 2, 1914

"GIGANTIC RUSSIAN MOVE AGAINST THE GERMANS."—"Daily Mail," October 3, 1914.

"GERMANS IN FLIGHT. TWO STAGGERING BLOWS IN RUSSIA. DISORDERLY RETREAT."—"Daily Mail," October 5, 1914.

"ALLIES' INEXORABLE SHEARS. VON KLUCK: AUGUSTOWO!! ONLY DELAYING THE INEVITABLE."—"Daily Mail," October 5, 1914.

"PORTENTS OF VICTORY FOR THE ALLIES. RUSSIA'S GREAT VICTORY. GERMANS IN HEADLONG FLIGHT."—"Evening News," October 3, 1914.

"THE CONQUERING RUSSIANS. ONLY 90 MILES FROM BUDAPESTH."—"Evening News," October 6, 1914.

"THE ROUT OF HINDENBURG."—"Daily Mail," October 7, 1914

AUTRES TEMPS, AUTRES MŒURS

THE OLD WAY OF "TAKING" PLACES
General Fitz-Montagu de Pedigree taking an unimportant and forgotten village, 1715

THE NEW WAY OF "TAKING" PLACES
Sir John French taking "Hill 70," 1915

From Writing Line to Fighting Line

PENMEN WHO ARE NOW WIELDING THE MIGHTIER WEAPON

FILSON YOUNG (R.N.V.R.)

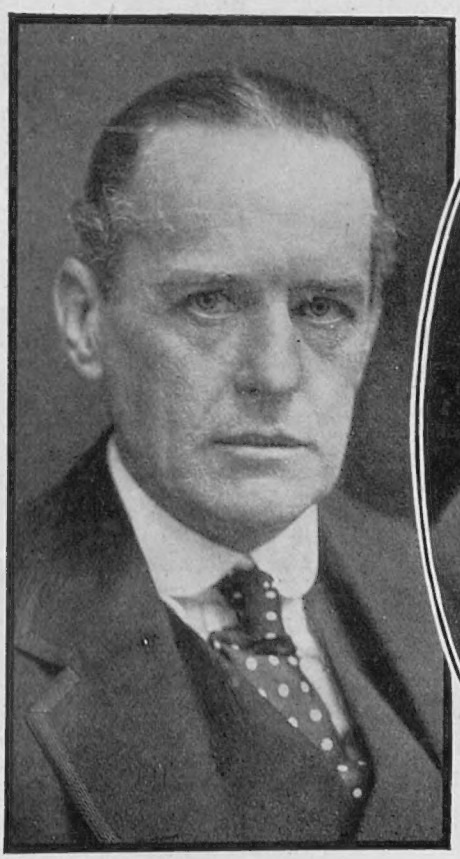
Musician, journalist, and novelist. Author of "Master Singers," "The Sands of Pleasure," etc. He acted as a Special Correspondent in the South African War

GILBERT FRANKAU (R.F.A.)

Son of Frank Danby (Mrs. Frankau), the novelist, whose poem, "One of Us," attracted enormous attention some three years ago, and was followed by others almost equally powerful

CORPORAL H. H. MUNRO (22nd Batt. Royal Fusiliers)

Author, under the nom-de-plume of "Saki," of many volumes of cynical stories, particularly "Reginald," "When William Came," and "Beasts and Super-Beasts"



Camera Portraits

W. B. MAXWELL (10th Batt. Royal Fusiliers)

Son of Miss M. E. Braddon the novelist, and himself the celebrated author of "The Guarded Flame," the "Devil's Garden," "The Rest Cure," etc.

LIEUT. WARWICK DEEPING (R.A.M.C.)

A doctor before abandoning medicine for literature. Author of "Sincerity," "The White Gate," "Joan of the Tower," and many other novels

Hoppé

CAPT. FORD MADDOX HUEFFER (3rd Batt. Welsh Regiment)

Journalist, literary critic and novelist. Author of "The Soul of London," "Ancient Lights," "The Critical Attitude," etc.

WELL-KNOWN AUTHORS NOW ON ACTIVE SERVICE

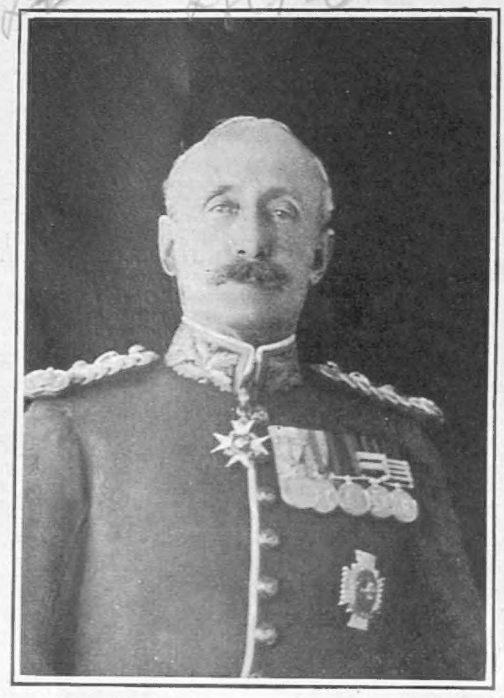
The Allies' Offensive

BY OUR MILITARY CORRESPONDENT, MAJOR G. W. REDWAY

TEN days ago even the case-hardened optimist looked in vain, on the Western Front, for any immediate alleviation of a situation that fretted the nerves of all of us; for the German annexation of all occupied territory in Belgium and France was about to be proclaimed, when suddenly came news of a considerable movement which had lifted certain British and French corps out of those trenches in which they had lain spell-bound all summer and had planted them firmly on ground hitherto held by the enemy. The universal feeling was one of intense relief; it was realised that the psychological moment had been seized for self-assertion, for the display of strategic initiative, for an act of sheer aggression in a tactical sense. The operation was brilliantly successful, but even now we are at a loss to understand exactly how it came about. We shall know more when the casualty lists appear, but the scope and details of the Generalissimo's plan will remain a secret until a dispatch is published, which we trust will give credit where credit is due and mention by name the formations and units engaged.

* * * * *

The Dutch people were jubilant over the Allies' victory. Paris took the news quietly. In London there was no undue fuss made, as over the Neuve Chapelle affair. It is beginning to be understood that neither the British army nor the French army needs the raptures of its compatriots over a success in battle; truth to tell, soldiers always feel a bit ashamed of civic hysteria. They know, too, that at Douai the Crown Prince of Bavaria still controls the sixth army, and that General von Fabeck manipulates the third army from Vouziers, where he is in touch on the one side with the fifth army under the Crown Prince—whose headquarters are at Stenay—and on the other side with the seventh army under Heeringen at Laon. Not far behind the fifth army is Luxemberg city, where main headquarters was re-established as soon as the Kaiser realised that the situation demanded his presence beyond the Rhine. Of other parts of the western front I had best say nothing, but if we can turn out the sixth army from Douai we shall be within sixty-five miles of Brussels, while an ejection of the fourth, fifth, and seventh armies from the left bank of the Upper Meuse will open a vista at the end of which Treves on the German Moselle might be discerned.



Photograph *Vandyk*

THE VICTOR OF KUT-EL-AMARA

General Sir John Nixon, K.C.B., in command of the Anglo-Indian Expedition to Baghdad, which won a great victory over the Turks at Kut-el-Amara, within a hundred miles of the capital of Mesopotamia

* * * * *

The Berlin report of September 26 mentioned only a single German division near Loos, a regiment at Souchez, and another division at Perthes as having been engaged in the two days' encounter with the Allies, a circumstance which in face of the explicit statements of Sir John French and General Joffre as to the ground won and prisoners taken was strongly suggestive of psychosis at German headquarters. Neither the Crown Prince of Bavaria, who opposed the British on a front of six miles, nor General von Fabeck, who defended a front of fifteen miles in the Champagne, can have originated a story which, if true, would convict them both as army commanders of gross neglect, or worse, in yielding positions and leaving nearly 20,000 men in the enemy's hands through not engaging the whole of their disposable forces. Even so late as Sunday the enemy reports persist in attempts not only to pooh-pooh the success of the Allies, but to deny evidence of tactical defeat which is as plain as the proverbial pikestaff; for the French hold 20,000 and the British 3,000 prisoners as well as 142 guns and forty machine-guns. The German claim to have taken 10,000 prisoners will be disposed of when the Allies declare the number of their "missing." The ground gained by us may be estimated at forty square miles on the two fronts of attack. These are solid gains that are not to be explained away, even by Berlin bulletins, and we may trust that our next forward move will secure us the absolute possession of the Arras-Lens-La Bassée road in Artois and of the Grand Pré-Reims railway in Champagne.

* * * * *

A week has now elapsed since the great encounter, and both sides have, no doubt, replenished their losses in *personnel* and material. Judging by what happened a year ago the enemy can pass through Sedan 5,000 men a day for five weeks while evacuating his wounded, and though a fortnight ago it was said that the Kaiser had determined to remain strictly on the defensive in the West, he may now resolve to wipe out his defeat with fresh troops under new Generals; and this would involve either a counter-attack in force on the same ground or an attack delivered in quite another quarter, a contingency for which General Joffre is, no doubt, prepared.

"IN ENGLAND-NOW!"

London, *October* 4, 1915.

Dear Cousin—

WE all cheered up a bit with the good news that came at last from France last week, spite of the rather awful casualty lists, and what with bets on the Balkans and wondering how the Cabinet was getting on with the Conscription idea it's been really quite bright and busy. In the way of amusements, too, there's opera and concerts and theatres going fairly strong—the ones with revues and pretty ladies in muffs only, anyway. And there's been racing at Newmarket and yet another big fuss about officers at night clubs.

"They've got a simply fearfully warm spot in my heart"

* * *

"Murray's" has opened again, too, so I hear—its Maidenhead retreat's shut down now, I suppose, 'cos of the mud and mists and all that. And with lots of improvements—double relays of ragtime bands, so that the noise should hardly ever stop, and more room to dance in, and more scope altogether for the plunging plutocrat, the Tempy. Sec. Lieuts. and the *ex-officio dames de théâtre* to eat, drink, and make merry.

* * *

But night clubs, of course, aren't *done* any longer, really. We're not (and it's *something* to be thankful for, anyway) starting this second autumn of war with last year's dreadfully silly parrot-cries—"Business as usual" and pleasure even more so. I suppose it is that at last what casualty lists mean is beginning to filter through to the whole country. When it was only the regular army that suffered, even though it was very nearly wiped out, the great civilian crowd didn't worry much. It's very different now, when the soldier-man comes from every single class in the community.

* * *

By the way, talking of the junior service reminds me that the sailormen have been hauling me over the coals again something fearful for not "having a warm enough spot in that aristocratic little cockle of a heart of yours for your *first* great line of defence—that great silent service that goes down to the deep waters in blue and gold, that mighty Armada which keeps open our food supplies at everlasting and increasing risk to their own pig-dog existence . . ." etc.. etc.

* * *

Which isn't true at all, of course. I mean, they've got a simply fearfully warm spot in my heart, dear things, only somehow or other when they slip away into the dirty, foggy North Sea—well, they do seem to slip so far. And they don't write so often as the men in the trenches, either. They *are* a silent service. And you know what women are—we do like things put into words, don't we? Better a fickle lover than a dumb one, any day.

* * *

Terrific scornery, by the way, one of the blue-and-gold's been pouring out on what he calls "your swishy, swanky, blushing, baby subs, both K.'s and Terriers," who wear mauve socks and handkerchiefs to match, etc. But they've got to turn their trousers down over the sock part now, anyway, haven't they? And really I don't see why they *shouldn't* be nutty if they want to, while they can.

* * *

Once in the trenches in Flanders, or worse still down in those awful Dardanelles, and they won't have a chance. And when they come home, if they do come home, poor darlings, they're generally, alas! much too sick to care about little things like that. Clothes, like sex, lose their appeal when you're in great pain, don't they?

* * *

Our wounded, by the way—they're London's "feature" now, you know. There are so very, very many. Brakeloads of them drive about the parks, sometimes with a hostess, sometimes not, and

"Our wounded, by the way, they're London's 'feature' now, you know"

they walk about the streets in pallid and pathetic batches—not that they aren't cheerfulness itself. But to have all life before you and to be maimed, that *is* rather awful, isn't it? And it's not to be hoped, I suppose, that all their days will be quite like these, when they're the heroes of the hour and rather petted, not to say spoilt, convalescents.

* * *

I was rather amused, by the way, to hear the other day of one famous house in Park Lane, now a hospital for wounded officers, that hasn't been done up for half a century, or thereabouts. Nice sanitary spot it must be! Of course, it didn't matter when it was a great Tory stronghold—people were only too flattered to go to big parties there, even if it was a bit grubby. After all, the Victorian fashion of having furniture in elephantine masses, and the more the merrier, *did* hide most of the dirt, and you don't peer behind the pictures when you're "asked out," do you? But now. . . .

* * *

Apropos of sanitary matters, I rather like this last little tiny story I've just heard from the Dardanelles. There was an argument in the officers' quarters about which was the strongest, the local Turk or the local goat. So the Major presided at a court of inquiry, and they got in one of each. When the goat came in the Major fainted. Then they brought in the Turk. And the goat fainted.

* * *

By the way, they're saying (but I don't believe this one) that our men have been using German-made maps in the Dardanelles, which have turned out to be at least 600 yards wrong in the distances every time. Made for the English market, of course Oh, dear! . . .

* * *

Meanwhile from Simla I hear that what's been annoying the loyal Anglo-Indian most this summer is the Viceroy's persistent attachment to his German bandmaster. One old Territorial Colonel went so far as to refuse to attend a show at Government House (not many people go, anyway) with a Hun conducting the music there. He had to leave Simla, of course. But he got a red carpet and a regular ovation at his own station.

* * *

Seems funny, doesn't it, really, what with—well, everything, that anyone should be going racing anywhere or doing anything of that sort now. But I'm told they've really been quite cheery gatherings, last week's and the others up at Newmarket, where certainly it *is* very delightful always at the autumn meetings. And as for women still wearing the clothes of the year before last, as some silly old M.P. said they were the other day—well, they weren't doing it at Newmarket anyway, and I haven't noticed them down here, either.

* * *

Fact is, new clothes break out in London in October as sure as Michaelmas daisies do in the country. It's one of those laws of nature that can't be altered, it seems, not for the Kaiser or anybody. And, by the way, war doesn't seem to have stopped people writing books either—there's almost quite the usual autumn avalanche from the libraries.

* * *

Even Mr. Balfour's been doing it, and if you're *any* one at *all* you've simply *got* to have "Theism and Humanism" on the table by your sofa, of course, even if you don't read it or can't understand it when you do. But most of us are reading it "for the style," like we do some of those French authors.

* * *

There's an Italian Day this week, though I don't quite exactly know why—Italy's got plenty of money, hasn't she, and the war can scarcely be pressing so very hard on her yet? But, anyway, there's a big matinée at the Coliseum with the King and Queen making their reappearance at this sort of show, and a Verdi "Choral Cantata," which he composed for the great exhibition of 1851. Help! The only way *I* can think of celebrating it is by wearing my new fur coat. So I do hope it won't be boiling hot, anyway.

* * *

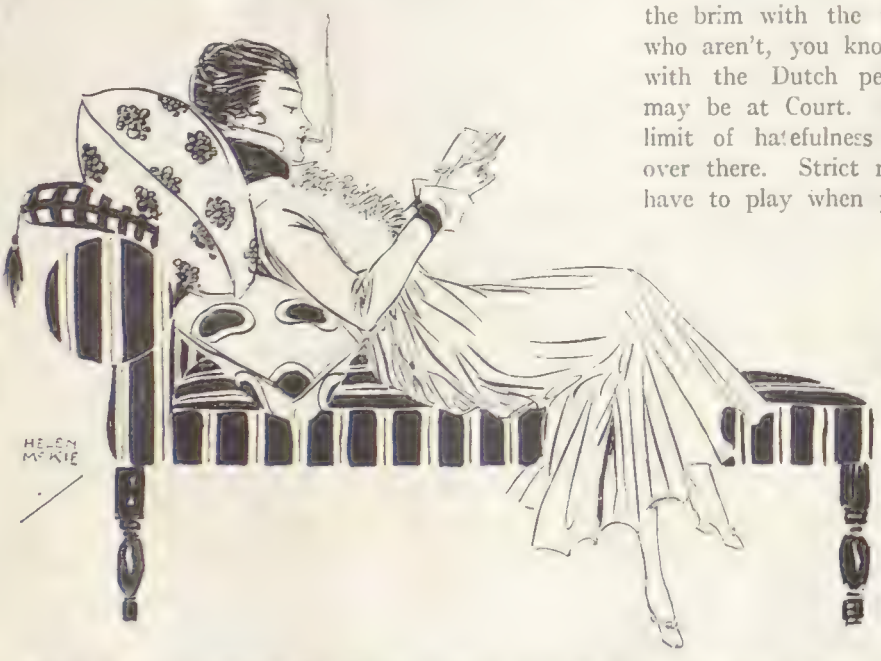
A man who's just back from there has just been telling me how it's too perfectly horrid for words living in Holland nowadays. It's absolutely full to the brim with the very worst kind of Germans, who aren't, you know, popular at their best, not with the Dutch people, anyway, whatever they may be at Court. And, of course, it's just the limit of hatefulness for any English who remain over there. Strict neutrality's a horrid game to have to play when you're not a neutral.

* * *

Whoever it is that's doing it ought to have done something about those Registration Forms by about next week, oughtn't they? But I don't expect they *have*, you know. And, anyway, as I put myself down as capable of anything I don't expect I've got an earthly of being made Ministress of War or anything amusing like that—so I'm not really bothering about it.

With love, yours ever,

BLANCHE



"Most of us are reading Mr. Balfour's book 'for the style,' like you do some of those French authors"

On A Visit To England

MARCONI, THE WIZARD OF WIRELESS, NOW ON ACTIVE SERVICE

Photograph *Vandyk*

SENATOR GUGLIELMO MARCONI

The distinguished Italian inventor of wireless telegraphy, who has recently been engaged on war work in his native country and is now on a visit to England. It is rightly estimated that his wonderful invention has been the means of saving many thousands of lives from German piracy on the High Seas

"Somewhere in Flanders"

BY A BYSTANDER ON ACTIVE SERVICE

My Dear Bystander—

THE more one sees of the Canadians over here the more the bosom expands with wholesome pride to reflect that right here before you are the men who of their own free will have chosen with cool deliberation to leave all that life holds dear to hurry across some thousands of miles of heaving water and plunge headlong into this, the bloodiest war of history. And they are such magnificent fellows, these hefty, fearless Canadians, who talk of going out bombing as though it were blackberrying, for they don't care a —— for Hun or Devil, and they don't mind a —— who hears them say it! (with a solitary exception in favour of the grey-headed *padre*).

* * *

The Canadian is nothing if not ingenious, and recently in leisure moments he has been directing his creative talents towards the evolution of divers engines of concentrated frightfulness, fashioned out of jam-pots and wild woodbine tins wherewith systematically to interrupt the vocal energy of a number of chronic hymn-singing Germans who are making a perfect nuisance of themselves behind the parapet over the way with an utter disregard for the niceties of "neighbourliness."

* * *

His experiments have given the world a variegated collection of nobbly looking "stink bombs," emitting fumes of a degree of unpleasantness never surpassed by modern science in its palmiest moments.

It was unfortunate that the latest invented "stink bomb" manufactured out of an "Odol" dentifrice tin should have developed a leak while we were having [illegible]

Where to Live—[Advt.]

IN ONE OF THE CHOICEST LOCALITIES OF NORTHERN FRANCE.

TO BE LET (three minutes from German trenches).—This attractive and

WELL-BUILT DUG-OUT,

containing one reception-kitchen-bedroom and UP-TO-DATE FUNK HOLE (4ft. by 3ft.); all modern inconveniences, including gas and water. This desirable Residence stands one foot above water level, commanding an excellent view of the enemy trenches.

EXCELLENT SHOOTING (SNIPE AND DUCK).

—Particulars of late Tenant, Room 6, Base Hospital, Boulogne.

By Capt. Bruce Bairnsfather

The very latest brain wave is an invisible man trap which is the last word in push and go. This remarkable (and painless) contrivance to which is affixed a strong piece of black cord, is placed in position at dead of night at a likely sort of spot in No Man's Land in the earnest hope that wire-cutting or eavesdropping Boches may be unfortunate enough to crawl over it unawares, whereupon a super-spring is suddenly released and a whacking great arm falls like a bolt from Heaven across the back or the leg of the astonished victim, pinioning him securely to the trestle. All that there remains is to haul in the struggling quarry at your leisure and ask him how his father is!

It is good innocent fun, and will help to pass the long autumnal hours.

* * *

It is very gratifying to observe the metamorphosis that has recently come over the gunners one meets. That tired *alimenté* look that one used to see on the faces of artillerymen at the time when not a few of our guns, alas! were undergoing more or less of a rest cure, has given way to an expression of joyful and eager anticipation directly attributable to the liberality with which munitions (or "hate slabs") are now served out to British batteries. There seems to be no stint now, thank Heaven! And, good to relate, the ammunition seems to be—like the shooting itself—of first-rate quality, and superior to the German counterpart, calibre for calibre, if one may judge by the fact that from an observation balloon a British shell may be seen to throw up a far greater volume of smoke and dust than a German shell of the same calibre.

Yours ever,

Jack Johnson

Never Again!

"IN FUTURE I SNIPE FROM THE GROUND"

BY CAPT. BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

Our Highly Specialised Air-Service

THE SUBMARINE LOCATER

THE ZEPPELIN RIPPER

BY LIEUT. E. G. O. BEUTTLER, R.N.V.R.

"The Bystander" in Berne

TALKS WITH REAL LIVE TEUTONS

MY first impression on stepping out of my hotel was that Berne had been illuminated in my honour. The blaze of light was quite disconcerting. It was some time before I realised that the illumination was only the normal allowance of street lights in a town unvisited by Zeppelins. There are some advantages in being neutral. At least, you can get a drink after ten o'clock and cross a street after sunset without imperilling your neck.

"My first impression was that Berne had been illuminated in my honour. The blaze of light was quite disconcerting"

My American friend, who has lived in Berne for some months, took me along to the Café de Théâtre. We selected a seat, and he began to point out the more notable patrons of the café. "That little group there are Alsatian deserters. They slipped over the frontier just before the mobilisation. They're wanted by the German police, and the police will have to want. That crowd over there is a theatrical party that have been livening our spring season. That push in the corner is mostly Swiss. The fat man with a beard is a doctor, a Swiss doctor. He's been working in a German field hospital. The other man is a manufacturer. His place will probably have to close down in a few weeks if he can't persuade your countrymen to let him have raw material. He's *strafing* the British blockade like anything. That lot are Russians and Germans; they seem quite amiable don't they?

"The Russians are quite Shavian in their attitude to war, especially the Russian who's lived abroad for some time. They've become so deuced cosmopolitan. Ever heard two Russians talking together in Berne? You can bank on it that they're talking German. Very bad form, but then most of them forget their own language. I'm told it's difficult. See that fat cove over in the corner talking to the Russian? He's a German. He's been editing the official Government publications on the war, the White Book of Britain, the Orange of Russia, and the Yellow, Blue, Grey Books. He's boiled them all into one book which he calls 'The Rainbow Book.' Well, it includes a pretty fair blend of lies, anyway."

The first time I visited Switzerland during the war was at the end of August, '14. I was then very much surprised to discover two Englishmen playing bridge against a German and an Austrian. It seemed highly improper, though it was consoling to notice that the Germans lost money. The proprietor of one of the great Engadine hotels had much the same story to tell. Last winter his English and German clients began by glaring at each other. They ended by playing bridge together. Human nature is inconsistent. "We love as one, we hate as one," sings the German, but he ought rather to sing "We love in starts, we hate in starts." A good solid hate is difficult to maintain.

Even a German feels the effort of believing all his Press have to say about the treacherous English and the noble humane German. It tells on him. When he gets into a neutral atmosphere he finds to his astonishment that Russians and Englishmen don't wear tails or carry pitchforks. He then becomes anxious to explain that his hatred is not personal, *nicht personlich*, and is reserved in the main for Grey, Asquith, and Lloyd George. England, he will charitably admit, has produced some great and noble men, such as "Unser Shakespeare" and the late Keir Hardie.

Before the war the Germans, more than any other peoples, were ready to admire and to adopt the

(*Continued on page 18*)

"His English and German clients began by glaring at each other"

THE BYSTANDER IN BERNE (concluded from page 17)

good points in other countries. The real difference between the pre-war Briton and the pre-war German was this. Both were convinced that their own country was the finest thing that God had ever thought of. But the true Englishman secretly believed that the German's noisy protestations about the unique value of German "Kultur" merely masked the German's natural annoyance at not being English. And this solid and slightly contemptuous pity of the Englishman for all inferior races mesmerised the German. He admired England while he denounced her, and to tell the truth he still admires her. German papers, please copy. When the German came to England he bought an English lounge suit and let his hair grow. But no Englishman, with the possible exception of Houston Chamberlain, has ever bought a Schiller collar and cropped his hair on visiting Berlin. Even in war-time, despite the official damnation of all things

"My dear sir—you do not seem well"

English, this secret admiration still persists. "You made me love you. I didn't want to do it." An important German manufacturer remarked to me rather plaintively, "This war is a terrible mistake. You English should have been allied to us as your Joseph Chamberlain wished, and as would have assuredly have happened but for the fact that King Edward did not like the Kaiser. We should have supplemented each other. Sensible Germans profoundly admire your freedom, your great gift for independence. And also your colonising power. If we had conquered South Africa ten years ago she would never have fought for us to-day. And we, on the other hand, have qualities which you lack, organisation and thoroughness and so forth. I believe we shall live to see the day when there will be an Anglo-German alliance."

I remarked that the Kaiser had not always avoided the appearance of anti-English sentiment. "Ah, I know what you mean," he said sadly, "that stupid Kruger telegram. If it had not been for that blunder we might have had an Anglo-German alliance. Salisbury's Cabinet was quite anxious for it. Such an alliance would have kept the peace of the world. Our Kaiser is a great man, but he is often indiscreet. Some of his speeches have been most unfortunate. 'Admiral of the Atlantic' a silly phrase," he sighed, "but you must not forget that our Kaiser prevented Russia and France falling on you during the Boer War."

I let that doubtful statement pass, and asked him what he thought of the Crown Prince.

"Not much," he said, "he is young and sometimes foolish. Well, he has to do what he is told just now, as if he was quite a junior officer. He is General only in name. You may be sure that not even the Kaiser permits himself to interfere with the big Generals like Hindenburg and Mackensen. They would not allow it."

Of course, this German was rather an exception. Most of them are frankly furious with England, though they are eager to discuss the situation as politely as possible with an individual Englishman. The crossest man I met was a whilom pacificist whom I had known before the war.

"I feel a big fool now," he said—his English was shaky. "Before the war I used to say that we ought to burn our *Lokal-anzeiger* and a few of our militarists hang. My friends used to say, 'You are wrong. Russia is her standing army doubling. France is going to have a three years Law, and one day you will see when we have with Russia and France our hands full then your England will us on the back jump.' I used to say, 'You are very stupid, England is friendly,' but I was wrong and they were right, and your Anglo-German friendship societies and all that were just cunning plans us in the eyes dust to throw."

I gasped, but he went on quite unperturbed. "Yes thank God we have had this militarismus of which you speak. Otherwise we should have had the Ghurkas riding down the Unter den Linden, ha! ha! and Russia, that great defender of the little nations and the freedom, portioning out East Prussia among the Grand Dukes. But there is one thing, my friend, you can do. Your diplomacy is better than ours. We are too stupid, too proud. We cannot bribe and corrupt as you can. If Italy, our old Ally, is going to fight against us—well, let her fight. We cannot bribe her editors and her statesmen. Our diplomacy is too old-fashioned, too honest. We are too proud. What, my dear sir, you do not seem well?"

"Only a little faint," I said, "I'm better now. Go on. You were saying that German diplomacy was too upright to be successful?" The whilom pacificist rather interested me. I shall have some more to say about him in another article.

OLIVER KINGSMILL

Another article by the same author next week

War-Time Credulity

The British Public is just at present willing to be imposed on to any extent by any tale that is told provided it is given a war setting

The Beauty o

WILL IT BE PROFANED BY THE

Photograph *Sport and General*

RUINS OF THE CLOTH HALL, YPRES

The battlefields of France and Flanders now present a problem for posterity. Shall the devastat
warfare, and a warning to the nations never to allow them to recur?

f Frightfulness

VANDALISM OF RESTORATION?

Photograph *Newspaper Illustrations*

RUINS OF THE CHÂTEAU DE MONDEMENT (MARNE)

ated areas be restored, or shall their ruins be preserved as a perpetual reminder of the horrors of r? From one thing may Heaven spare us—restoration by the Huns!

Billeting near the Firing Line

THE EXPERIENCES OF AN ANGLO-FRENCH INTERPRETER

"*HAVEZ-VOUS place pour soldiers?*" The Quartermaster does not wait for me to ask the question, which we now know so well. I have remained behind, next door, unable to get away from the old woman, who explains to me in her voluble bad French why we cannot put soldiers in one special corner of the barn. We get so tired of these explanations. And how these Northern French peasants do talk! It is worse than in the South, and much more unintelligible. One cannot obtain a plain answer, a "yes" or a "no" out of them. It is always the same diffuse and confused speech, which ends by their invariably suggesting that we should go and see the accommodation next door—which drives us mad. Obviously every one of these women thinks that we have especially spotted her particular house.

There are some nice ones, though, who give coffee and beer to the men and do everything they can to make three officers comfortable in one small room, but there are others with whom you cannot possibly deal, who lock their doors and refuse to answer, after which the Interpreter must ride three miles or so to fetch Monsieur le Maire to put fear in their hearts and reason in their heads.

A great deal has been written about the unfortunate fate of the populations of Northern France. Of course, it must have been hateful for those who lived the other side of the German lines to have their houses destroyed and to have been obliged to run away without any of their belongings and with hardly anything on. But the others, those who live on our side of the firing line, and who complain bitterly of their fate, their misery, and their *malheurs*, to be frank, with those I have no patience whatever. Certainly it is inconvenient to get shells in your garden and occasionally on your cottage, but one gets used to shells, and they don't disturb one's sleep (indeed, they make far less noise than Tchaikowsky's "1812" overture), nor one's daily routine of work and pleasure as can be seen in the countryside every day; certainly it is rather a nuisance to have to make room for officers and men, but (apart from the fact that these soldiers are fighting for their lives and homes as well as their own) they get a certain remuneration for their hospitality.

I am not alluding only to the money paid for the billeting by the British military authorities, but to all the *petits profits*, which often become very big indeed, such as the sale of milk, eggs, vegetables, fruit, beer, and so on. There is no doubt that some of these small tradespeople in villages—and every inhabitant is by way of being a tradesman in war-time—are simply coining money, and will have made a fortune by the time the war is over.

Not only that, but, being given the truly wonderful supplies of the British Army, it is a fact that practically the whole of the peasants and refugees of the North of France have been living during the last nine months on the rations given to soldiers, not to speak of the stock of "bully beef," jam, socks, and shirts they have carefully put by. So that they have really little cause to complain.

Of course, soldiers will take a few things, which may be very reprehensible from the moral point of view, but I should say almost impossible to prevent: there is a tempting cherry tree just by the house, two or three logs of wood are lying by, and the fire is getting low. Such things will occur in the best regulated armies. The owner comes to the Interpreter and claims five or six francs for something which is well worth fifty centimes. There's no harm in trying, and it may succeed! I take it that is their point of view. Indeed, these claims are usually made on the off-chance of their being amicably settled, if settled at all. Except in serious and fairly rare cases (with which I am not concerned here) they never get as far as the Claims Commission, and these occasional little disputes do not happily cause any friction between the men and the inhabitants. But "business as usual" (and more so!) seems to be the motto of Northern France.

Men always conveniently forget what they have themselves done or don't know what they are capable of doing. Some of these Northern people were evacuated to the South during last September and October, and there they all behaved in exactly the same way—though on a far bigger scale!—as these soldiers they are now complaining of. "There's nothing left in the gardens and fields (a friend wrote me at the time)—grapes, peaches, pears, chickens, all's gone! The Germans wouldn't have done it better." Such is life, North or South in war-time.

So we go on from place to place, one day here, four days there, from the ruined farms to the more peaceful cottages with light hearts and faces khakified by the sun. No one grumbles except when there's too much plum jam, when we consider that England is not doing her duty! As to our "roughing it"—well, "roughing it" is not the word. We have actually been without stewed fruit and cream for three whole days!

German-American Relations

IN THREE PHASES

REMONSTRANCE, RAGE AND RECONCILIATION

BY THE PARISIAN CARTOONIST, M. LEGER

LONDON NIGHTS ENTERTAINMENTS

"The Only Girl" at the Apollo Theatre

BY "JINGLE." ILLUSTRATED BY NORMAN MORROW

THIS is a novelty in musical plays. To begin with, the usual fatuous opening chorus is dispensed with, and for that relief I, for one, give thanks. On the other hand, people who frequent musical plays seem to like an opening chorus of men and women singing unintelligible words, and as it takes all sorts to make a world, their point of view must be considered, especially as there are so many of them, while there is only one of me. The music of this play is mostly presented as an accompaniment to the lively songs that occur at intervals, but I should doubt whether there is enough of it to satisfy the thirst that from the soul doth rise, as Ben Jonson puts it, a thirst that all greedy music-lovers flatter themselves they possess. As far as my experience goes, a play ought to be either one thing or the other, and it seems to me that this play runs a risk of being considered as neither.

There is Mr. Kimbrough, a writer of lyrics for musical comedies. He is a confirmed bachelor with a number of old cronies who affect to be of the same mind as himself. Kimbrough expresses his sentiments in the form of a parable. He says if he goes into the sea a jelly-fish might sting him; therefore he does not go into the sea. That means that matrimony is the sea, and that women are—dear, dear!—jellyfish. (Boy, go out and get that man's scalp at once.) Three of Kimbrough's cronies thereupon confess that they have decided to renounce the state of bachelorhood for the pressing reason that each of them has found the only girl. Before marriage, as we know, there is only one girl in the world for a man. They tell me that, after marriage, it is a different matter altogether, but I don't suppose it is true. (Somebody must have been reading something in the Sunday papers.) Kimbrough, after a proper expression of regret that his old friends should have fallen a victim to petticoats—or whatever the typical feminine garment may be this season—asks them to bring their wives to dinner in six weeks' time, when they will have all returned from the impending honeymoons.

Up to this point the play is not wildly exciting. The first act is livened up by a song or two; but nothing occurs to threaten the safety of the roof. In the second act things begin to move. One old crony has married a wife who bullies him directly he gets inside the door of Kimbrough's flat, and then calls for a cocktail and a cigarette. Another crony has found for his partner a lady who must be the champion "nagger" on earth, while the third has taken to wife a simple girl who supplies most of the fun of the piece. Mrs. McMurray, the wife in question, is artless to a delightfully ridiculous extent. When the two other ladies are chuckling in whispers over some sensational incident in their host's career, Mrs. McMurray appeals to them to let her share the fun, because she is married now. Then the champion nagger, being left alone with Mrs. McMurray, announces bluntly that she can't stand that other woman, who looks as if she had either dyed her beautiful Titian hair, or else had bought it ready-made. In her simple and artless way Mrs. McMurray confides this piece of scandalous criticism to the subject of it, and the dinner-party that promised to be so nice and jolly is all bent up at once, and, as it were, unfitted for further use.

THE RIGHTS OF (MARRIED) WOMEN

Of course, Mrs. McMurray didn't know she was doing any harm in repeating the story in her guileless way, especially as the communication was made in strict confidence. But when a woman is confronted with the charge of wearing dyed or false hair, it would seem as if even the beneficent restraints of religion have lost their grip on her for the time being. The offended lady leaves the dinner-party in angry haste, demanding an abject apology from the offender. While the offender determinedly declares that she is not going to apologise to anybody or anything. An effort is made to persuade Mrs. McMurray to explain that she may have been mistaken as to the nature of the criticism; but she on her part resolutely declines to be a party to a deliberate untruth. The interest in this act is mostly sustained by Miss Ethel Baird as the simple-minded wife. She dealt with the humour of the play in such a thorough and skilful fashion that my only regret was that we could not have seen more of her.

Kimbrough creeps fearfully in and out of the room while

(Continued on page 26)

A Musical Play—More Play Than Music

"The Only Girl" is a novelty in musical plays. The music represents quality rather than quantity. The play itself is brightly written, though even in war-time we question the need for economy in wit

LONDON NIGHTS ENTERTAINMENTS (concluded from page 24)

THE CELIBATE WITH A SOFT HEART

this typically feminine warfare is going on between his guests, and gives us to understand in dumb show that he is thankful he is not as other men are—making prayers to a rag and a bone and a hank of hair, as our ungallant poet has it. But later on the ladies will discover with a grim satisfaction that the redoubtable Kimbrough proves to be only mortal clay after all. While he is sitting at his desk composing lyrics, a sound of soft and gentle music steals down from the flat above, and it seems to him that if he could have some of that music composed for his new musical comedy its success would be assured. He therefore sends a polite note upstairs to beg that the gentleman will call and see him; and the gentleman proves to be a lady. Still, as Kimbrough remarks, no one can help the accident of sex; and since he needs a collaborator of the quality of the lady in question he will ask her to join him in his new enterprise as a matter of business.

It is not apparently, however, given even to omniscient misogynists to know all that a woman means by the term "business," though Miss Wilson, the young lady in question, leaves us in very little doubt as to her own very decided point of view on the matter. You can see in the first five minutes that she has made up her mind to marry Kimbrough; and what chance has a poor, weak man in a case of that kind? There are women who claim for their sex the right to propose marriage to a man. But the right to propose implies the right to give a refusal, and, therefore, would not be so advantageous as the old sweet method by which the woman who has made up her mind to marry a man, just marries him and that's all there is about it. This part of the play is very daintily rendered by Mr. Kenneth Douglas (whom we have to congratulate on his recent happy escape from Hunnish frightfulness in great waters) and Miss Fay Compton, whose charm was obviously irresistible from the start. I think the moral of the piece is that the chief end of woman in this world is to break up lifelong friendships between man and man; and I should not like to assert that the contrary is the fact. I think, however, in this play the idea might have been more convincingly expressed. There is an opportunity for very well-marked caricatures, but only in the case of Mrs. McMurray is the chance grasped to any extent, and even there the authors have been regrettably economical with their wit. JINGLE

A Diana of the Footlights

MISS NANCY ALWYN

Who is becoming a popular favourite in the Gaiety success, "To-Night's the Night." She comes of an old Scottish Quaker family, and is a lover of *la vie au grand air*, being both a keen yachtswoman and a bold rider to hounds

Some Ministering Angels

TO THE POPULAR PENCHANT FOR REVUE

MISS EFFIE MANN (left) MISS VIOLET GRAY, and MISS MARIE BLANCHE (right)

Three clever young actresses who are playing leading parts in the Revue, "All-Scotch," which finished its London run at the Apollo Theatre recently and is now on tour in the provinces

Photographs *Elliott and Fry*

MISS DOROTHY FROSTICK

One of the principals in Fred Karno's Revue, "Hot and Cold," successfully presented at the Victoria Palace in August, and expected back in London shortly

MISS RITA EVERARD

Leading lady in the Revue, "Ladybird," a provincial success which has not been seen in London yet, but will be before very long

The Future of Musical Comedy

MR. ROBERT EVETT, THE NEW MANAGER OF DALY'S THEATRE, MAKES AN APPEAL TO NATIVE TALENT

AS a stern opponent of business government wherever applied, I hailed with joy the announcement that the "governor" who succeeds Mr. George Edwardes at Daly's and allied theatres is not a "business" man. The interests of musical comedy are to be looked after henceforth by a member of the profession itself. In judgment upon art will sit an artist; on plays, a player; on songs, a singer.

Mr. Robert Evett, whose voice and graceful acting are delightfully familiar to light opera-lovers of the past fifteen or twenty years, atmospherised me the very moment I entered his reception-room at Daly's. He did not wait for me to state my "business."

"Listen," he said, touching me lightly on the shoulder, and moving towards the piano at which sat the musical director, Mr. Morgan. "What do you think of this for a waltz song?"

In a few minutes I was swaying to and fro to the measure of Something That Will Take the Town—sometime. Mr. Evett just indicated how it would be sung—by somebody else, of course—but wouldn't tell me what it was, what were the words, or in fact, anything about it at all.

"Musical comedy?" he said, at length, puffing at his pipe. (Since taking over business management he has resumed smoking as he was never allowed to in his singing days.) "It is what England likes to make it, and Daly's must, of course, remain its temple. For a long time to come, we shall have no longer the Continent to draw upon. The day of the *Merry Widow*, *The Count of Luxembourg*, *Gipsy Love*, and other Viennese delights has passed. What is to take their place? Well, is it not for our native artists to decide that? Britain has given us in the past the best comic operas and musical comedies in the world—Sullivan, German, Sidney Jones, Lionel Monckton, for instance. What light music surpasses theirs? But the supply is not equal to the demand."

"The Revues?" I put in. "Ragtime?"

"Yes. But Daly's cannot enter into competition with the Revues. It must hark back more and more to comic opera, or to the musical play with a plot. And that is the type of thing that does not seem to be forthcoming. We search and search and search, but without finding."

I suggested that the talent must be here. That talent did not dry up. That possibly the fault was with managements in not being receptive enough to ideas. That perhaps the librettist and composer of talent did not know what to do with his "books" and compositions when he thought of them. Was there not a little knot, a clique, who kept these things mostly to themselves, and were jealous of outside intruders? If the writing and composing public had reason to believe their ideas would be looked at or listened to, surely they would flow in?

Photograph *Ellis and Walery*

MR. ROBERT EVETT

Photographed on his first appearance on the stage in "Haddon Hall," at Birmingham in 1893. He now succeeds Mr. George Edwardes as Manager of Daly's and its allied theatres

Then Mr. Evett gave me an invitation, which I was to convey through THE BYSTANDER. He himself was at the disposal of all. If ideas were brought to him, they *would* be read, and they *would* be tried, and if even the germ of possible success were detected in anything brought in, be it the sketch of a plot, lyrics, dialogue, or tune, it would be extracted and fertilised under the personal direction of Mr. Evett and his advisers and assistants.

"We want to foster British art," he said, "in the direction which it has proved itself before all the world to excel."

"And allied, too, of course?" I reminded him.

"Yes, especially Russian! I am convinced that in Russia there is an inexhaustible supply of delight if and when we are able to tap it. The nation that has given us the Russian Opera and Ballet must also be able to give us what we want in light opera. But meanwhile it must be to our own writers and composers that we must look to keep the ball rolling. If they fail, then only America can help us."

To America Mr. Evett expects to be going on a search in a few weeks' time, when the new and revised version of *Betty* (with Miss Gabrielle Ray in the part of Estelle, with new songs and dresses), announced for the 12th inst., is set gaily on its feet.

I left the new chief of Daly's convinced that a new day is dawning for British musical comedy if only the British musical comedy composer wakes up and shows himself, when he is wanted, to the man who wants to see him.

V. C.

A Genial "Governor"

NEW PORTRAIT OF THE SUCCESSOR TO MR. GEORGE EDWARDES AT DALY'S

MR. ROBERT EVETT

Well-known as a light opera tenor of charming voice and personality, Mr. Evett has now succeeded "the Governor" (Mr. George Edwardes) at the head of Daly's Theatre, and, therefore, of musical comedy management in London. In an interview on the preceding page, Mr. Evett makes a remarkable appeal to native talent

Specially photographed for "The Bystander" by E. O. Hoppé

The Trial of Opera in English

THE BEECHAM-COURTNEIDGE SEASON AT THE SHAFTESBURY

ANYBODY who has been kind enough to read the musical columns of THE BYSTANDER during the last two or three years will remember that the writer of them has always postulated three conditions for the establishment and popularisation of opera in England. Firstly, that the performances should be in English; secondly, that the operas should be produced with the same care as is bestowed on musical comedy; lastly, and perhaps most important of all, that any operatic enterprise should begin at the beginning instead of at the end. Obvious as this advice may seem it has never been followed up till now. The Beecham-Courtneidge season at the Shaftesbury does, as a matter of fact, constitute the first experiment on lines that really will prove once and for all whether there is a substantial public for opera in England.

Against this you must put darkened streets, scarcity of taxis—and the Budget! But these have not emptied the popular theatres or the music-halls, so on the whole they must be discounted. Success in spite of them will be all the more definite; failure will none the less be failure. At any rate, if the Shaftesbury performances in general reach the level of that of *Romeo and Juliet* last Saturday and yet fail to attract the public, I for one have done with opera in England except as an exotic. Mr. Beecham and Mr. Courtneidge deserve the support of every opera-lover in England. If that support is lacking the fault will be ours, not theirs. This is the first time I have been able to write this without any reservation whatsoever, though there have been many opera-seasons to write about — Mr. Beecham's rather careless season of comic opera at His Majesty's, his exotic experiments at Covent Garden, Hammerstein's Franco-American quackeries at the London Opera House, and many more. Let there be no mistake about it: The future of English opera stands or falls by the success or failure of the season at the Shaftesbury.

Photograph *Bassano*

AN ENGLISH "MADAME BUTTERFLY"

Miss Rosina Buckman, who is playing the title-rôle in Puccini's opera of that name, which forms part of the repertoire of Messrs. Thomas Beecham and Robert Courtneidge's season of Grand Opera in English at the Shaftesbury Theatre

I have a ready hinted that the opening performance of Gounod's *Romeo and Juliet* was good. In many respects it was very good. True there were no "stars," and *Romeo and Juliet* is an opera especially associated with "stars"—with Melba, now enshrined in a peach, the two De Reszkes, happily immortalised in nicotine. But, honestly (and to many I might add surprisingly), Gounod's music proved quite capable of standing on its own feet. There are many very agreeable and some very beautiful pages in the score, which Miss Licette and Mr. Millar, though unlikely to reach either peach or nicotine glory, interpreted very well indeed. Better still as a singer was Mr. Samuel as Mercutio, though, of course, nothing like the same demands were made on him.

Most excellent of all, however, were orchestra and chorus. Mr. Beecham's orchestra needs no praise, and choruses rarely get (or deserve) it. I have heard no such chorus-singing on the operatic stage since the Russian chorus took their call after the second act of *Khovantchina*. That is very promising, for the chorus is bound to play a very important part both in operas in English and English operas. As regards choral singing, we can legitimately claim a superiority over not only the French and the Germans, but the Italians, who, as individuals, can sing the heads off all the rest of us together.

To return to *Romeo and Juliet* itself, it is very typical of Gounod. None of the music rises to the height of the ballet-music or the garden-scene music in *Faust*, but the general level of it is almost, if not quite, as high as that of the better-known opera. Moreover, it is more satisfying because it does not, intellectually speaking, fall so far below the level of its subject. From the æsthetic point of view Gounod's feminisation of *Faust* into a pretty little study of the troubles of Marguerite is a capital offence.

True, his *Romeo and Juliet* reminds one rather of the once celebrated "improvement" on Shakespeare's tragedy perpetrated by a certain tradition-ridden French poet than of Shakespeare himself. Moreover it must, I think, be conceded that Gounod's score, charming as it is, does not compensate us for the lost beauty of Shakespeare's language. But, these things once said, there is little to add but praise. Above all, Gounod is hardly ever dull, and never ugly. The pedants, of course, will never forgive him his facility, but he is supremely musical, and for that obvious, but too often forgotten quality, many sins, more heinous than his, may be forgiven. FRANCIS TOYE

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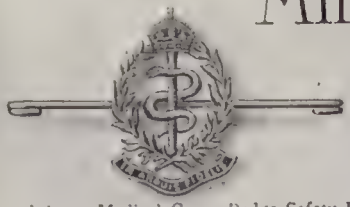

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BYSTANDER SHORT STORY

Le Colonel Spouf

By John N. Raphael

THE old man's appearance was pathetically interesting. He was tall, thin, sallow-faced with sunken cheeks, and he wore a spiky moustache and little chin tuft of Napoleonic cut. When he took off his rusty flat-brimmed top-hat and put it on the rack the grey hair under it stood straight over his head, framing it in that peculiarly French fashion known as *en brosse*. His black frock coat was much worn at the seams and buttoned tightly by the middle button. His grey trousers had unmistakable fringes. His boots were cracked and very, very dusty. But he sat opposite me in the first-class carriage as though he were used to first-class carriages, and the guard said "*Merci, mon colonel*, it doesn't matter," and saluted when the old man fumbled in his pockets for the tickets which I felt pretty certain he knew he had never taken. He was wonderfully kind to the children with him and painfully muddled with the bundles. I never succeeded in counting all the bundles, because some of them always rolled off the rack or tried to get under the seat, and had to be picked up whenever I began to count. But there were more bundles than babies, and the three of them were a great deal more than the worn-out old soldier could manage.

There was no doubt about his having been a soldier. Besides, if the set of his shoulders and his general appearance had not told me, there was, in his buttonhole, the little strip of black-and-green ribbon which proved him to have fought the Germans forty-five years ago. There was no doubt, either, of his being a grandfather. His manner with the children would have proved that even if the two eldest ones, a boy and a girl, had not yelled, an appealing "*Gran' père!*" every few minutes when the boy pulled the girl's hair or the girl, who was the elder, refused to help her little brother up on to the seat again. The old man apologised for the noise they made, and smiled sadly at me. "Monsieur is an Englishman," he said, not so much as a question, but as an assertion. I nodded. Fortunately, I was spared the awkwardness of trying to find an answer, because the boy rolled off the seat, bumped his head on the floor (and the floors of first-class railway carriages are always very hard in France owing to the metal hot water plate immediately underneath the strip of very inadequate red carpet), raised a howl, and said, with his thumb in his mouth, that he couldn't go to sleep and be good like *bébé* (to this day I do not know the sex of the infant) unless *gran' père* "tucked him in." *Gran' père* hadn't a counterpane about him, though I shouldn't have been at all surprised to see him bring one out of the tails of that shabby frock coat. I thought he was looking for one there, anyhow, and he produced the next best thing—a copy of *Le Journal*, which he called "a silk coverlet sewn and quilted with poppy seeds," and spread over them both, promising to wake them up when they had to get out of the train. I ventured a compliment on his imaginative gift. "What will you?" he said. "The dream of my youth was to be a great writer. I became a poor soldier instead and a worse grandfather, later on." "That," I exclaimed, "I refuse to believe. Never have I seen a better grandfather." The old man glanced at the sleeping children and smiled. Then he glanced at me and sighed. Then, for a long time, he said nothing, and I respected his silence. The train droned on. The children slept. "Monsieur is a musician, perhaps?" asked the old Frenchman. I put my hand in my pocket (the gesture has become a mechanical one to most of us who travel much in France in war-time—the breast pocket for the passport, when a fellow-traveller asks a question, the trousers' pocket for small change when the *pour nos blessés* ladies rattle their little money boxes). I showed him my passport, and he smiled. "A journalist," he said. Then he stared sadly out of the window, and said nothing. Somehow there was tragedy in the old man's appearance, and I did not, at first, venture to break his silence. Then my eyes fell on his tired boots, and he caught me looking at them. I had to say something. "Monsieur has come far?" I asked. "Monsieur is going far?" "If I told you my story," he answered, "you would never believe it." He leaned forward and placed a hand impressively on my knee. "Monsieur," he said, "we are refugees from Lille, I and these little ones, and we are going to the hospital at Z—— to see my son, who has been badly wounded." "Their mother is with him already, I suppose?" I inquired, for something to say. He shook his head. "They have no mother," he answered. "She died when *bébé* was born, and left them all four orphans." "All four?" I asked. "Ah yes, I understand, you mean the father and his babies—children all, without a woman's care." "*Mais non*," said the old man. "She left four children. And when the war came and my boy had to go and do his duty, I, the old grandfather, took them to live with me in Lille." "Then there is a fourth . . ." I was beginning. "If you will listen, I will tell you," said the old man, "why it is that now, when I shall see my wounded son, so soon, I hope, almost that he may be so badly wounded that he may not understand or care." He produced a little black box with the lid inlaid with mother of pearl, offered it to me, on my refusal took a pinch himself, put the box back again (he was absolutely honeycombed with pockets), and wiped his old eyes with a large red-and-green silk handkerchief. "Ah, Monsieur," he said, "what a tragedy!"

There was a story in the air at last. I knew it was brutal of me to think of that, directly, but that is the way in which journalists are built. I am ashamed to say that the next thought which sprang to my mind was that I must find some means to keep the children quiet if they showed signs of waking up just when their grandfather was going to be interesting. The best story that I was ever going to hear or write

(All rights strictly reserved)

(Continued on page 34)

Born 1820
—Still going strong.

JOHNNIE WALKER (showing his passport): "You recognise me, then?"

OFFICER: "Mais, oui! Monsieur has only ze need to show himself and say, 'Still going strong,' and voila! he go anywhere."

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BYSTANDER SHORT STORY
(Concluded from page 32)

was spoiled by a sudden interruption, and most journalists will tell you just that thing. I kept perfectly quiet and waited. The old man opposite me looked into my face, and his lips moved. Then he frightened me almost out of my wits, for he jumped up and counted the children aloud. "*Un, deux*, and *bébé, trois*," he said. "Don't wake them up," I whispered. He took no notice of that, but stared at me without seeing me. "*Et il y en avait quatre*," he said, "there were four of them—when we left Lille." "Dead?" I asked. He leaned forward and touched my knee again. "Monsieur," he said, and I could hardly hear the words, which I guessed, rather than heard, surprising though they were, "Monsieur, *I—do—not—know!* There were four of these little ones when those devils came to Lille, and now there are three only." He shook his head, and looked out of the window. "Monsieur," he said, "I—I have lost the other, a little boy, Monsieur, only three years old." "Lost him?" I asked, "but——." "*Voilà*, Monsieur," he said. "I am a hot-tempered and excitable man and I feared what I might do if I waited for the Germans. Feared, not for myself at all, but because of those little ones. My old housekeeper had gone already. She was afraid from the first that they would come to Lille, the Boches, and she had a married daughter in another town, and was a grandmother, herself—she would not stay. For a week I had been alone with the children, and our house was in the outskirts to which the Germans, when they came, would come first. I meant, at first, when the rumours began, to shut myself up in the house with the children and be still. But I feared that I should not know how to be still. One day I caught myself lifting a pistol from the wall, to clean it. I was afraid, then. I had seen the Boches before. I knew what they were. I knew my temper—one hasty word, one shot, and the house burnt down and the children—no, I dared not risk it. I made up my mind that we must go. When their father had gone to the war he had said to me, 'I know that the children will be safe with you, *mon père*.' His motherless children! I could not betray my trust. We made a game of departure next day. The children and I packed the bundles, and I put a bottle with milk for the little one in my pocket. A few hours' railway journey out of danger, I thought, and everything will be well. But that day came the panic and the rush from Lille. The Boches were really coming. There was no train, they were already in the station, and we fled by road, I and the four little ones. I do not know how it happened, Monsieur. I was carrying the baby. These two little ones, who are sleeping there, held to my coat. There were the bundles—I do not know, I. One moment he was there in front of me, the little Charles, a moment afterwards he was not there any more! I had lost him! We ran up the road and down, in those crowds of hurrying people, buffeted this way and that, and could not find him. I will not weary you, Monsieur—(the train was slowing down)—and presently I must wake up these little ones, for we change here. The little Charles was lost. I never found him. For days for weeks, for months I have searched, in Hazebrouck, in the villages, in Saint Omer, even, along the roads, in the lanes, everywhere. Nobody has seen him, nobody can tell me anything. There are many lost children, the poor ones, but my little Charles was not among them. And now, Monsieur, I have received the news that my son, his father, is wounded, and I go to the hospital at Z—— to see him. Monsieur, I hope almost that he is dead," the old man said, "for how shall I face him, what shall I answer to him when he says, 'But, *mon père*, and the little Charles?'"

The brakes crunched and the train drew alongside a little country platform. "*Nous voilà*," said the old man, waking up the children, and pulling the bundles from the racks. The children woke up, and there was a great scurry and bustle to get them properly awake and to help them down on to the platform. The train only stopped there a moment, and it was not until we were moving out of the station again that I realised, all of a sudden, that the little station was no junction for Z—— or for anywhere. I knew that part of the line. There was no town with a hospital anywhere within reach. And, looking out of the window, I saw a sight which puzzled me. The boy and girl were pulling at the skirts of a smiling young woman, who looked very much like the boy. The stationmaster, who had the baby in his arms, was curiously like the girl, and something like the old man, too. I wondered, and when the guard passed along the corridor, a moment afterwards, I asked him about it. "But yes," he said. "He is the father of the stationmaster, that one. A famous joker, *allez!* We call him *le colonel* because he won his sergeant's stripe in 1870. *Ah oui alors!* A famous joker, he is! The stories that he knows how to tell!" And the guard went off, chuckling.

I gave it up. The old man had not looked like a famous joker, and his story. . . . The *Journal* (which had been the children's counterpane) was lying on the carriage floor. I picked it up, smoothed out its creases, and began to read to pass the time. Then—well, I may as well admit it—I swore a bit and laughed a bit. On the front page was a story by Monsieur René X . . . called "La Capitaine." It was a story of an unhappy woman who had lost one of her four children in the flight from the Germans at Arras, and who was afraid to face her wounded husband and to tell him so. It was a well-written story, but Monsieur X. . . . will forgive me for saying that the old scoundrel who had pulled my leg because my passport told him my profession told me the tale far better and far more convincingly than Monsieur X. . . . had told it. Every word of his tale rang true—there was too much literature in the story in *Le Journal*. And the stationmaster and his wife, with their happy children at table with them, were no doubt laughing now at *gran' père's* description of the open-mouthed journalist with the tears in his eyes.

And now you understand the title of my story, which, no doubt, has bothered you. If I knew the old man's real name I would send him a box of cigars, and every cigar should explode when the old scoundrel lit it. "A famous joker, that one!" I believe you.

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Books of the Week

A PIECE OF THE REAL SICILY

Sicily

WITH Italy fighting on our side, interest in anything that is hers has been quickened. It is a sign of the times that we are promised a collected edition of D'Annunzio, and he will doubtless be followed by others. Of Northern Italy most of us know something, but of that island at the extreme south, the majority remains ignorant. We know of Syracuse because—well, things used to happen there in ancient days, and the school-books are full of allusions to its history. And we have heard of the tragedy of Messina, and of Etna's volcanic irregularities. But of the inner life of the Sicilians, beyond what may have been gathered from Hichens' novels, how much is known? Wherefore it is good to find another book from the pen of one who has had exceptional opportunities of studying the island.

Nelson's Dukedom

Mr. Alexander Nelson Hood, who in this country is the Queen's Treasurer, and in Italy the Duke of Bronté, has already published certain works on Sicily, and now in *Sicilian Studies* (Allen and Unwin: 5*s.* net) has collected together some of his shorter pieces. The book is one which presents a vast amount of information in a particularly delightful way. Mr. Hood himself was of the utmost assistance to the Italian Government at the time of the Messina earthquake — though his modesty forbids any personal reference —and here we have a picture of the tragedy at first hand. So, too, there are fascinating chapters on the making of wine and the quarrying of such a matter-of-fact substance as asphalt.

THE HON. ALEXANDER NELSON HOOD, DUKE OF BRONTE

Mr. Hood, who is the Queen's Treasurer, has just published a new volume upon Sicily, "Silician Studies" (Allen and Unwin: 5s.), where his estate is

The Mafia

But it is, perhaps, the author's chapters on the much-dreaded Mafia which will be of most interest to English readers. Everybody has heard of the Mafia, and the imagination turns at once to long knives and the vendetta. Nor do things seem to have been exaggerated. In the past, apparently, the Mafia has been able to do much as it liked. Thus the murder of Signor Notarbartolo, described in some detail by Mr. Hood, remained a mystery for seven years—because the Mafia desired to shield the murderer. Whether the war will have a hand in rooting out this evil remains to be seen, but Mr Hood would find a remedy in drastic changes in the Judiciary. Even the highest officials seem to have bowed down before the Mafia—if they have not actually been members themselves. And in Sicilly, of course, most superstitious of islands, its claws have long been felt. Mr. Hood's prose is calm and measured; his essays have nothing of the modern hurry or smartness about them. He is right in thinking that a collection of his stray pieces will be welcomed. Here, in vignette form, is a piece of the real Sicily.

Opium and Detectives

Mr. Sax Rohmer is rapidly building up a reputation as a master of mystery. He likes to deal in such things as opium and witchery and queer, long battles fought out to a desperate finish by the Law and its breakers. *The Yellow Claw* (Methuen: 6*s.*) is a good example of his work. The extraordinary experience of Leroux, the novelist, and the still more extraordinary adventures of Soames, his ex-valet, in a vast underground opium-palace run by a mysterious personage known as "*Mr. King*," should be sufficiently exciting for anybody. Who "*Mr. King*" actually is does not appear, but perhaps that is as well: we might not have been equal to the tension. (On the other hand, we might have been just in the least disappointed.) A capital story of its kind.

An Up-to-Date Story

Mrs. Horace Tremlett's new novel, *Looking for Grace* (Lane: 6*s.*), is a thoroughly up-to-date story. The war is its background, but it is of those hard-workers at home about whom Mrs. Tremlett writes so amusingly. A Colonel has been killed, and left a cryptic message concerning a mysterious Grace, and the Colonel's wife, who lives at Blackheath and is great on committees, is naturally upset. Clues as to her identity are not lacking, but complications arise. Thus it is not altogether conventional for the dead Colonel's old man-servant to present a strange lady with five thousand pounds, even when that lady is the sprightly Mrs. Burmester. Nor should a young subaltern, having tea with a young lady in a respectable country inn, describe her as his sister. The matter, of course, is cleared up, but not before Mrs. Tremlett has told a tale of two little love affairs in the prettiest possible manner. Altogether a cheerful, good-hearted book which shows that war need not tend only to horrors. Very seldom are so many jolly people brought together within the pages of a single book.

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A Remarkable Interview with Mme. Lawton, who, for the first time, reveals to "Bystander" Readers Full particulars of her Recent Discovery. Nothing Like It Was Ever Used or Even Heard of Before.

By BLANCHE GORDON.

It has remained for a woman unskilled in scientific research to solve quite by accident the problem that has baffled all science and the entire medical profession the world over. In a recent interview, Mme. Lawton explained to the writer why no one need patronise expensive Beauty specialists now, for any woman can easily accomplish in the strict privacy of her own home the seeming miracles which are causing physicians and beauty experts everywhere to stand aghast in startled amazement.

For the first time Mme. Lawton has generously consented to reveal how all the network of lines and furrows left by ten years of illness, worry and care were swept from her face in a single night, as though by the wand of some fabled magician. She explained to me the embarrassment and humiliation she felt when her face became seared and seamed by myriads of disfiguring wrinkles, how deep creases appeared where once the dimples were, and how she, though still young, had the heartrending experience of being looked upon with pity as a prematurely old woman, totally devoid of all personal attractiveness. For, after all, the world judges a woman's age by her appearance, and if her face remains youthful, the mere passing of years means nothing to her. But if her face proclaims her old, a pitiless world sees only the disfiguring marks of Time and approaching old age, so bids her step aside for a younger generation.

Mme. Lawton described with deep feeling the sadness with which she thus viewed the passing of her own youth, and said it was the most bitterly tragic period of her whole life. She was able to afford any expense, so could command the services of the best specialists in the land, and she frantically tried massages, which stretched the skin still more, electrical treatments that were torture, medicines that made her ill, suction cups, masks, irritating lotions, and worthless advertised methods galore. After wasting a fortune in this way, however, she was compelled to give up in absolute despair.

Imagine, then, her ecstasies of joy and delight, the indescribable relief that filled her soul to overflowing, when quite by accident she one day discovered an almost incredibly simple process, involving a totally new scientific principle, which quickly banished every trace of line or wrinkle from her face. Light lines and crows' feet disappeared within an hour, in a single night the deepest creases were gone, and in less than a week her face was soft and clear, and smooth as a young child's. Mme. Lawton found a way to tighten the loose, sagging, wrinkled skin, and to build up firm, healthy tissue underneath where the wrinkles were so the skin rested on an even surface, and became virtually wrinkleproof. Now, after nearly two months, I saw with my own eyes the face of smooth, delicate contour, the beautiful velvety skin and complexion like a rose, where formerly were the deep lines and furrows that added twenty years to her age.

To describe the method here in full detail would somewhat overrun the space allotted to me for this article, but Mme. Lawton explained that a perfect deluge of requests for particulars had descended upon her, and many of the inquiries are from her acquaintances, but to personally write a satisfactory answer to every one would be quite impossible, so she hit upon the clever plan of fully describing her method in a small booklet. A limited number of these, the first to be printed, had just arrived, and after much persuasion I was fortunately able to arrange with Mme Lawton to send one of these attractive booklets, while they last, absolutely free of cost to any of our readers sufficiently interested to write her, and enclose two penny stamps for posting expenses.

Mme. Lawton refused to accept the slightest payment for her trouble, saying she has explained the method to many of her friends, from whom she showed me letters proving they had all used it with wonderful success, and as it now appears to be practically infallible, she welcomes this opportunity to show her gratitude by giving the secret to our readers. Simply address Mme. Lawton (345L), 107, Regent Street, London, W., and I advise writing promptly, as the supply of booklets is limited, and the offer expires in 30 days owing to the amount of trouble and work involved. Nevertheless, I consider it very kind and generous of her to subject herself to the inconvenience even for a short period, especially when we consider that she makes no charge whatever for the booklet. The supply is estimated to last for 30 days, but if you are delayed in writing, and no booklets remain when your letter arrives, the postage will be returned to you. This arrangement has been made for the special benefit of BYSTANDER readers only, and this article should be torn out and enclosed in your letter as evidence that you are entitled to receive the particulars.

Shoolbred's

Renowned
TAILOR-MADE
SHIRTS
Known, and worn, all over the world.

Made to measure only.
With low neck (*as illustrated*)
or with high neck and separate collars.

PLEASE WRITE FOR PATTERNS AND SELF-MEASUREMENT FORM.

TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD, LONDON, W.

HIMROD'S ASTHMA CURE

"It Worked Like a Charm" writes a clergyman who had suffered from Asthmatic affection for fifty years.
At all chemists 4/3 a tin.

Rowland's Macassar Oil
FOR THE HAIR

Preserves, Beautifies, Restores it. Closely resembles the natural oil in the hair, which nature provides for its preservation. No other article possesses this property. Without it the hair becomes dry, thin, and withered. Poor hair mars the effect of a beautiful face. Good hair adds charm and interest to a plain one; every Toilet Table should possess this oil.

LADIES should always use it for their own Hair and for their Children's Hair as it lays the foundation of a luxuriant growth. Golden Colour for fair hair. Of Stores, Chemists, and ROWLAND'S, 67, Hatton Garden, London. Avoid cheap worthless imitations; buy only Rowland's.

WAR AND ECONOMY

POOLING INSURANCE.

The most
ECONOMICAL, PERFECT & COMPLETE
form of
MUTUAL INSURANCE
WITHOUT LIABILITY.

The business is strictly confined to non-hazardous risks in Great Britain.

ALL PROFITS (less 5% guarantee premium) ARE RETURNED TO THE INSURED ANNUALLY in the form of discounts from renewal premiums.

These facts present the prospect of unparalleled advantages to members of the "Pool."

GUARANTEED BY THE LICENSES INSURANCE CORPORATION AND GUARANTEE FUND LTD.
THE INSURANCE
24 MOORGATE STREET, E.C.
POOL
CONDUCTED
FUNDS £400,000.
FOR SELECTED RISKS.
FIRE, ACCIDENT, MOTOR, &c.

Fashion's Fancies

BY MRS. JACK MAY

The New "Luvisca" Sports Coat

IT seems only the other day that "Luvisca" made its *début*, and literally leapt into favour. Speaking from some large experience, I consider "Luvisca" has made a record success in point of time, and close inquiries have elicited the information that its favour is now completely established. Every high-class drapery establishment stock made-up "Luvisca" goods, such as blouses, in addition to the material in the piece. But the very latest expression is a sports coat, an original design of which forms the subject of the first illustration. The tailored sports coat has come to stay, and "Luvisca" has, without doubt, materially enhanced its reputation. In accordance with the latest decree, the cut is ample and the lines free, the new "Raglan" sleeves, a handsome falling collar, and practical patch pockets, all aiding towards the success and pleasing character of the scheme. A wide stripe "Luvisca" is pictured, and as I write I have a packet of the latest designs in front of me, and am thoroughly embarrassed by the bewildering choice. There is a broadish reseda stripe alternating with a narrow black, on a white ground, that is particularly good, and a whole host of wide regular stripes in a colour and white, *ciel*, malmaison pink, delphinium-blue, orchid-mauve, grey, black, etc. For shirts a range of narrower coloured stripes on a biscuit ground makes for decided novelty, the beautiful silky surface which distinguishes "Luvisca" throwing the tastefully chosen contrasts up in high relief. Obviously the proprietors have not allowed any grass to grow under their feet, for they have opened their autumn and winter season with a fresh array of choice, the excellence whereof almost baffles adequate description.

THE NEW "LUVISCA" SPORTS COAT

"Luvisca" is a material which fulfils especially well the needs of a Sports Coat. This original design, which is fully described on this page, was specially sketched for "The Bystander" by Dorothy Millar

Aprons, Gay Aprons!

It might be a new London cry. And who knows, but that it may develop into one? The idea is exclusively Elizabeth's, of 45, South Molton Street, the well-known children's and young ladies' *couturière*. Everybody is working and knitting nowadays, and aprons and pinafores are in insistent request in which to carry on these avocations. And Elizabeth has had the brilliant inspiration of drawing ideas from our Allies, Russia and Italy, for the most fascinating creations. A knitting apron we are privileged to illustrate is distinctly Italian in shape, being long and narrow, whereas the colouring is rather subdued and Russian. The little *barette*, or bib, has a great splash of embroidery in the centre, while on the skirt portion two lines of the stitchery ornament the hem.

But this is only one of many aprons Elizabeth is showing expressed in these artistic Eastern colourings, which she has brought out with a view, among other things, of enlivening the general prevailing mourning aspect. It is far more than a platitude to say that these aprons have merely to be seen to be desired. They are as attractive as they are novel, and thoroughly practical.

Elizabeth's fashions for children are more than ever enchanting. Among other styles she is emphasising for costumes a coat with a yoke, the lower half set on with a box pleat either side, and of course, belted, a model more or less reminiscent of a man's sports coat. This is particularly successful in black and white check; while for bettermost wear she has devised a Russian type of coat that also boasts a yoke and has myriads of little buttons up the front, and a braid belt placed below. It is very *chic*. Nor must mention be omitted of her semi-evening frocks for young ladies, simple,

(Continued on page 40)

FASHION'S FANCIES (continued from page 39)

tastefully thought-out confections that are characteristically Elizabeth. She is endowed with a singular faculty for expressing the most telling effects by the simplest methods.

An Illuminative Display of Autumn Fashions

Biding their good time until the best of everything has been gathered together to present an irresistible *ensemble*, Harrods have opened their doors on one of the most attractive Dress Displays ever held, for no one can possibly question the fact that *La Mode* is in particularly pleasing vein after a privileged peep at the beautiful models awaiting inspection in the lavishly equipped *salons*. The vogue for velveteen is strongly enforced in the costume department, where the sweetest, most fascinating little coats and skirts of it are a prominent feature of the *galère*, these, together with equally charming models in serge and tweed, suggesting ideal suits for immediate wear.

Emphasis, too, is laid on an attractive choice in woven fur coats, exquisite models, trimmed with fur in the majority of cases, and presenting strong claims for speedy acquisition, not only on account of their admirable appearance, but also by reason of the exceptionally moderate prices asked, special prices, be it noted, that will return at the conclusion of the display to their original dimensions.

With a due regard to the special and particular needs of the moment, Harrods are presenting many entirely fresh styles in useful shirt blouses expressed in *ninon*, *crêpe de Chine*, and a charming silk material, "Spuntung," quite exclusive to the house, that will certainly prove not the least interesting item in this splendid selection of new autumn fashions; while in pursuance of a custom that has never failed to afford complete satisfaction to all concerned, Messrs. Harrods are offering in each department some extremely tempting, up-to-date models at reduced prices, that will rise again to the usual amounts at the close of the Display.

WORKING AND KNITTING APRON

Specially sketched for "The Bystander" at Elizabeth's, 45, South Molton Street, by Dorothy Millar

Radium and Grey Hair

At first sight there would seem to be but little connection between these two. But Mrs. Helen Cavendish is in a position to prove that there is a very particular and close antagonism, the radium coming out on top by reason of its efficacy in getting the better of grey hair. It is now generally accepted that both men and women are perfectly justified in stemming the evidences of time and age, which, alas! come only too soon in these days of stress and strain. There are probably quite as many men as women using to-day the Cavendish Radium Hair Restorer, which never fails to bring back in two or three weeks, if the course of treatment is properly pursued, the original colour of the hair. And the colour once restored, the application actually supplying the colour fluid that is lacking remains for all time with one treatment of the restorer a week. One great point to bear in mind is that this is no dye, but actually what it professes to be, a Restorer, and a very fine one at that, which possesses the further merit of keeping the scalp quite free from dandriff.

Mrs. Helen Cavendish, the proprietor of the Radium Hair Restorer, will be delighted to show all who visit her showrooms, 120, New Bond Street, the many, in fact I believe the amount runs into four figures, unsolicited testimonials she has received, which are a far finer tribute to the worth of the preparation than a tome of general praise. Another of Mrs. Helen Cavendish's specifics is "Ca Radium," a wrinkle remover that is bringing her similar fame. This is in the form of a cream, a delightful emollient to apply, and it builds up relaxed muscles and the skin in a manner that must be seen to be adequately appreciated.

Economy in the Home

Never perhaps in the history of our nation was the call for economy so imperative, or the necessity so great as it is now. In mansion and cottage alike economy will be practised, and undoubtedly the greatest opportunities lie in dress and household furnishings, yet none desire to sacrifice either appearance or hygiene. Happily these difficulties are removed, and I can confidently recommend my readers to accept the proffered services of the Perth Dye Works, where wonderful changes can be wrought in ladies' costumes, men's suits, children's clothing, and every description of household goods by their processes of renovation, which have been brought to perfection through a century's experience. Their cleaning processes are admirably adapted to all classes of goods, from delicate silk to rugged tweed. Dyeing of garments, curtains, etc., is carried out in a wonderful manner, and despite the fact that dyes are no longer to be obtained from Germany, Messrs. Campbell continue to turn out most satisfactorily the newest shades, as well as all the well-known standard colours. An interesting and instructive book of suggestions, together with price list, will be forwarded to any

(Continued on page 42)

Wilson & Gill

139 & 141 Regent Street
LONDON, W.

BEAUTIFULLY MODELLED
NAVAL AND MILITARY
BADGE BROOCHES.

18-ct. Gold, Enamelled in Colors, Platinised Silver Star, £3 17 6
With Diamond Crown, £7 0 0

18-ct. Gold, Enamelled in Colors, £2 15 0
Larger Size, £4 15 0
With all Diamond Wings, £17 0 0

18-ct. Gold, Diamond Crown, Silver Anchor, £6 10 0
Without Stones, £4 10 0

ANY REGIMENTAL OR NAVAL BADGE can be Supplied in Gold or Enamel, with or without Precious Stones, from £3 . 10 . 0 to £50. Sketches and Estimates on Application.

HAPPY, CONTENTED, and COMFORTABLE.

It is important when buying Winter Underclothing, especially for children, to avoid thick, heavy garments which irritate the child and are the frequent cause of ill-temper. The Pure Wool fabric from which 'Chilprufe' garments are made is a light, cosy, chill-resisting material admirably suited, by reason of its delightful softness, to the needs of children.

The fabric undergoes a secret process of finishing which renders it a beautiful pearl-white colour, increases the natural durability of the wool, makes it unshrinkable, and imparts to it hygienic qualities of the greatest value for clothing.

CHILPRUFE *for* CHILDREN

'Chilprufe Pure Wool' is made into a range of garments, the completeness of which renders it easy to clothe a child in 'Chilprufe' throughout, always being assured of receiving the same high quality, no matter when or where the garments are purchased. Each little garment is perfectly cut, strongly and neatly made, and daintily trimmed.

Of all Drapers and Outfitters, or address of nearest shop on application.

Have you seen the 'Chilprufe' booklet? It is beautifully illustrated with charming studies of children, drawn by a well-known artist, and gives fullest particulars regarding 'Chilprufe' for children. Write for a copy mentioning that you are a reader of *The Bystander*.

THE 'CHILPRUFE' MANUFACTURING CO., LEICESTER.

Illustrations show actual size of Brooches.

Charles Packer & Co

GOLDSMITHS & SILVERSMITHS

Money returned in full if not approved.

MILITARY BADGE BROOCHES
in 15-ct. GOLD,
all
£2 2 0 each.

The Royal Munster Fusiliers.

The Royal Welsh Fusiliers.

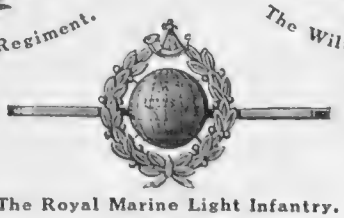
The Essex Regiment.

The Wiltshire Regiment.

All these Brooches are finely modelled in 15-ct. Gold.

Post free to any address £2 2 0 each.

The King's Own.



The Royal Marine Light Infantry.

The Yorkshire Light Infantry.

One Price only.
£2 2 0 each.
The best value obtainable.

Special Designs and Estimates submitted for Regimental Badge Brooches, set with Diamonds and other Gems, from **£6 6 0** to **£25 0 0**

76 & 78 REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.

Badge of any Regiment to order
£2 2 0 each.

FASHION'S FANCIES (concluded from page 40)

reader, post free, on request, from P. and P. Campbell, Ltd., Perth, or any of their 5,000 agencies.

Soles of Life

From personal experience we can testify to the efficacy of Phillips's Military Soles and Heels as an adjunct of the ordinary leather-soled boot. They are made entirely of specially toughened indiarubber many times more durable than leather, and consist of three separate pieces for each boot, the shape and disposition of which are the outcome of practical tests. They are easily attached to the ordinary sole by means of a number of nails, which are hammered right home until their heads are sunk below the level of the rubber, and no sticking process of any kind is needed. Boots so equipped possess all the following advantages, none of which is in the least degree fanciful: They keep the feet absolutely dry; they withstand the hardest and most continuous wear; they give an even, smooth, and noiseless tread; and the absence of jar greatly lessens the bodily fatigue of walking. In fact, the slight extra weight is negligible in comparison with the feeling of liveliness which is communicated to the foot. Moreover, they are non-slipping, which makes them invaluable for traversing rough and slippery ground, and in all cases where an extra firm foothold is essential. Golfers, for this reason, will find them very much to their taste. The price of these soles—one complete set for *one pair* of boots with nails for attaching—is 4*s*. 9*d*., but this has been reduced to 3*s* 9*d*. for the duration of the war. They are made in two sizes (A for boot sizes 9, 10, and 11; B for sizes 6, 7, and 8), and if your bootmaker has not got them he can obtain a set, together with full instructions for fitting, from Phillips' Patents, Ltd., 142-146, Old Street, London, E.C. Or you can send your boots direct to the firm and they will equip them for you at a slight additional cost.

BADGE AND CHAIN OF OFFICE

Designed and manufactured by the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company, 112, Regent Street, and presented to Alderman G. A. Touche, M.P., on his election as a Sheriff of the City of London

Notable Insignia

On this page is reproduced a photograph of the chain and badge of office presented to Mr. G. A. Touche, M.P., Alderman of the Ward of Walbrook, on September 22 on the occasion of his election as a Sheriff of the City of London. The chain is of 18-carat gold, and consists of a series of scroll ornamental links, having at intervals shield links containing the following arms, etc., enamelled in proper colours: The Worshipful Company of Goldsmiths, City of Edinburgh, Borough of Islington, House of Commons Portcullis, Province of Quebec, British Columbia, and the London Stone. The centre link is composed of the full arms, crest, and motto of the City of London, and below this is an ornamental link from which the badge is suspended. The badge is also of 18-carat and bears the arms, crest, and motto of the Sheriff-Elect in enamel in the centre surrounded by a richly embossed and pierced scroll ornament. The presentation was made in the hall of the Worshipful Company of Salters on behalf of the subscribers by Mr. George Henry Heilbuth, Deputy of the Ward of Walbrook. The insignia were designed and manufactured by the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company, Ltd., 112, Regent Street, W.

HORLICK'S
MALTED MILK

The Food Drink for All Ages.

Pure full-cream milk, enriched with choice malted barley and wheat, forming a complete, nourishing and sustaining food which keeps indefinitely in any climate.

A delightful beverage, instantly ready by the addition of hot or cold water only.

NO COOKING REQUIRED.

Supplies necessary nourishment in proper proportions to meet the needs of all ages and conditions.

ALSO AVAILABLE IN THE FORM OF TABLETS
to be dissolved in the mouth when needed—delicious and sustaining. Prevent fatigue, restore energy, and relieve hunger and thirst.
Supplied in convenient pocket flasks, 6d. and 1/- each.

NO ADVANCE IN PRICES

of the various sizes, which are still to be obtained of all Chemists and Stores, or of us direct by post in sterilised glass bottles at 1/6, 2/6 & 11/-

LIBERAL SAMPLE BOTTLE SENT POST FREE FOR 3d. IN STAMPS.

HORLICK'S MALTED MILK CO., Slough, Bucks., ENGLAND.

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J. W. BENSON'S

Regimental Badge Brooches

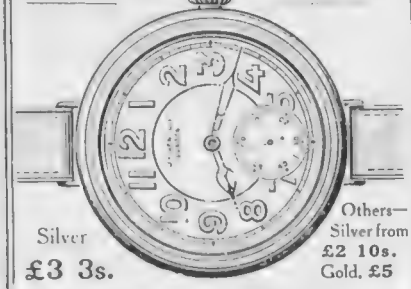
Artistically modelled of any Regiment

15ct. Gold, with Enamel and Platinum Circles, **£3 3s.**

Sketches and Estimates sent free of charge.

Luminous "Active Service" Watch.

VISIBLE AT NIGHT.



Silver **£3 3s.**

Others—Silver from **£2 10s.** Gold, **£5**

Fine quality Lever movement, in strong Silver **SCREW** Case, Dust and Damp Proof.

WARRANTED TIMEKEEPERS

Fully Illustrated List of Wristlet Watches, etc., free.

62 & 64, LUDGATE HILL, E.C.,

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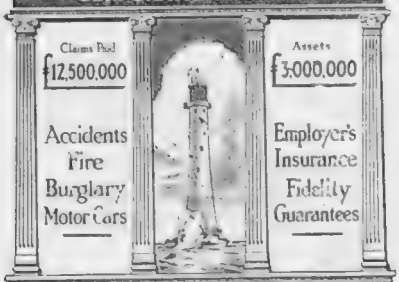

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MOORGATE STREET, LONDON.

MAISON GEORGES

Grand Prix. Paris.

REAL TRIUMPH OVER NATURE

"La Naturelle"

MAISON FRANCAISE

Nature's Second Gift?

A Marvellous French Discovery, faithfully simulating the wearer's scalp and producing

AN ABSOLUTELY NATURAL PARTING

"LA NATURELLE" IS WORN BY MANY, YET INVISIBLE TO ALL.

"LA NATURELLE" IS UNLIKE ALL OTHERS, as it is indistinguishable from natural hair, and each postiche can be parted or arranged at any time to suit individual or fashionable tastes by the wearer herself. The effect is marvellous.

YOU MUST VISIT the Salon of Maison Georges to realise the grace and charm gained by wearing **"LA NATURELLE."**

"LA NATURELLE" IS YOUR FRIEND and your most cherished possession, as it can be combed and dressed the same as your own hair, and defies the world to discover its origin.

"LA NATURELLE" *IS Natural* and will suit you to perfection.

"La Naturelle" Semi-Toupet, from **£4 : 4 : 0**

MAISON GEORGES 40, BUCKINGHAM PALACE ROAD, LONDON, S.W.

Bensdorp's Royal Dutch Cocoa

saves ½ your cocoa because it is double strength

Ask your Grocer for sample, or send for same direct to—

BENSDORP'S ROYAL DUTCH COCOA, 31, Eastcheap, LONDON, E.C.

"I never had such a lovely Corset"

wrote a lady describing the Adair Corset. The popularity of the Adair Corsets with ladies who study their health and figure is accounted for by their being constructed on hygienic laws. They insure a graceful figure and yet most comfortable, giving perfect freedom to the body. For health and beauty it can be safely described as the ideal Corset.

Price from **£2 12s. 6d.**

Ladies unable to call and be fitted should send full details of their measurements.

Specially constructed **Corsets** for **Children** may be obtained from **£1 10s. 6d.**

All Corsets cleaned up and made to look like new.

Write or call The

Adair Corset Co.

92, New Bond St., London, W. 'Phone: Gerrard 3782.

Motoring—If Possible

BY ALEX. J. M. GRAY

The Trade Organisation

THE Motor Trade Association is a body embracing manufacturers, concessionaires, and agents. It came into existence some few years back to do the work a trade society must do if it is going to justify its existence—work which, nevertheless, the old Society (of motor manufacturers and traders) had successfully articled itself out of the possibility of doing by adopting a form of constitution which restricted it very largely to the holding of motor shows. What the old Society is going to do in the future, if the Board of Trade conducts (as it should) national industrial shows of its own, I do not know; and, indeed, there are few to care so far as I have been able to judge.

***

The Ruinous Price of Petrol

The Motor Trade Association as I was about to remark when the need to explain what it was obtruded itself, sends me a note on petrol—which you will agree has become even more of a burning question than ever. Because the import duty on motor-cars is a matter which may quickly be forgotten after the purchase price has been paid; but the extra threepence per gallon on petrol is an impost that lives with the motorist from day to day, as persistent as the existence of the poor and vastly more uncomfortable. To-day we must pay around 2*s* per gallon for our spirit, which, to put it with becoming gentleness, is an entirely damnable and ruinous figure, and quite unjustified by cost of production and distribution. Ninepence or tenpence would carry a good solid profit to the petrol companies; but as there is no effective competition and petrol is a necessity of economic existence, ye petrol companies improve ye shining hour, taking advantage of a people's necessity in a particularly unblushing way—bless them!

***

Agents' Profits

The Motor Trade Association (for the third time of calling) desires on behalf of its agent members to remove any public misapprehension as to the profits the agent makes. It is commonly held that he is doing in a small way what the petrol companies are doing in grandiose fashion. As a matter of fact, his profit is reduced. He gets no more per gallon than before although his outlay is heavier. "His 'profit,'" says the M.T.A. with a nice journalistic touch, "as a term, has frequently to be used more in a complimentary sense than as an actuality." Why, then, does he continue to handle petrol at all? The answer is plain: His whole business turns upon the sale and maintenance of motor-cars, which cannot run without petrol. The petrol companies, it will be observed, have got the private motorist firmly by the carburetter.

***

The Exempted Tyre

As for tyres—but tyres are now exempt, which is a sign of returning sanity made even more notable by the exemption of motor vans, lorries, and parts. I had written a nicely ironic paragraph on the *motif* of tyres in particular, which, alas! for a very promising, if a very ewe, lamb, must now be scrapped. If the duty had been maintained it would certainly have put the imported tyre out of business in this country, unless the manufacturers of such had been working upon a wider margin than seemed probable; and we should have put these tyres out of business at the very time when we needed them most, and when pressure of demand on a shortened supply would inevitably have sent prices soaring—sooner or later.

***

And the Commercial Vehicle

That danger is now (for the present) averted. The menaced commercial vehicle similarly. It would certainly have been nothing short of calamity had these taxes been insisted upon. It isn't a matter of concern for the

(*Continued on page* xii)

SHOOLBRED'S
SERVICE SHIRTS
FOR OFFICERS

Ready for immediate wear in all climates

	Shirts.	Collars.
Super Ceylon Khaki Flannel	10/6	1/6
Medium Weight Khaki Wool	12/6	1/6
Super Taffeta „ Wool	13/6	1/6
„ Twill Khaki Cashmere	14/6	1/6
„ „ „ Silk	18/6	2/-
Mercerised Cotton „ Poplin	6/6	1/-
Khaki Cotton	5/6 to 9/6	

When ordering please state size of Collar worn.

PURE SILK KNITTED TIES Light and Dark Khaki. 2/6

Carriage paid anywhere in the United Kingdom.

TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD, LONDON, W.

YOUR FOOD WILL COST LESS

and your health will benefit by eating less meat and more St. Ivel Lactic Cheese. It is most essential not to overburden the digestive organs with a heavy diet, at the same time it is equally essential to keep the body well nourished.

As a substitute for meat from the point of view of health and economy, St. Ivel Lactic Cheese is invaluable.

It is very delicious in flavour and appetising in appearance. Economical to use as there is no rind or waste.

The price has not advanced; it is still sold by the leading grocers and dairymen everywhere at 6½d. each.

CHARMEUSE TEA FROCK

Adapted from an exclusive Paris Model, and made by our own skilled workers, in rich quality Silk Charmeuse, with new full pleated skirt, either short or long, and loosely-draped bodice finished with Charmeuse Cabochon, and chiffon underbodice and sleeves. In Black, White, and all Colours.

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The value of this frock is quite exceptional.

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Economy does not consist in paying a little but in getting the best value for the money you can afford.

"Viyella"

(Regd. Trade Mark).

SHIRTS & PYJAMAS

are worth the price paid because they offer more in practical value than anything else at the money. Durable, soft and warm, non-irritant, chill-preventing and unshrinkable, "Viyella" garments are made in a variety of artistic patterns and shades (including service greys and khakis) and in light, medium or heavy weight.

Obtainable ready to wear or made to measure of all high-class Outfitters.

If any difficulty is experienced in obtaining please write for patterns (non-returnable) and address of retailer:

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The roads for THE "CLINCHER CROSS" ALL PLANTATION RUBBER MOTOR TYRE are not only some roads but all roads, because you can travel anywhere with assurance on the "Clincher Cross." Its remarkable wear-resisting quality enables it to grapple successfully with the varying adverse road conditions with perfect safety and comfort — For super-service fit the

"CLINCHER

THE FIRST DETACHABLE PNEUMATIC TYRE

CROSS"

MOTOR TYRE

THE NORTH BRITISH RUBBER CO., LTD., 169, Great Portland Street, LONDON, W.

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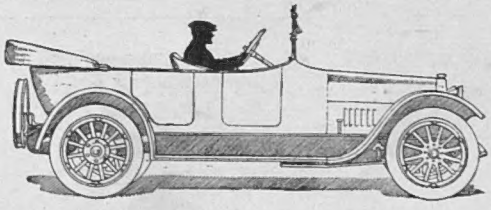

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THE Buick Six-Cylinder Car for 1916 has been built for super-service. It represents the result of many years' experience and effort in the production of a perfect and economical six-cylinder engine. Every detail of construction and accessory finds a place in the car by virtue of a special fitness for the particular part which it is to play. This principle of thoroughness lies behind the full satisfaction which Buick Car owners experience. The 1916 Buick responds perfectly, as only a six-cylinder car can, to the demands made upon it under every condition. Every Buick Car is built up to a value not down to a price, and all models are equipped with the famous Delco Electric, Self-starting, Lighting and Ignition System.

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General Motors (Europe), Ltd., 136 LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C. Phone: Gerrard 9626 (3 Lines). Telegrams: "Buickgen, London."

MOTORING (concluded from page x)

fortunes of the foreign manufacturer. I daresay they would manage to rub along all right. But it is a matter of vital concern to the industries of this country—industries, too, which often directly, and generally indirectly, are feeding the firing line.

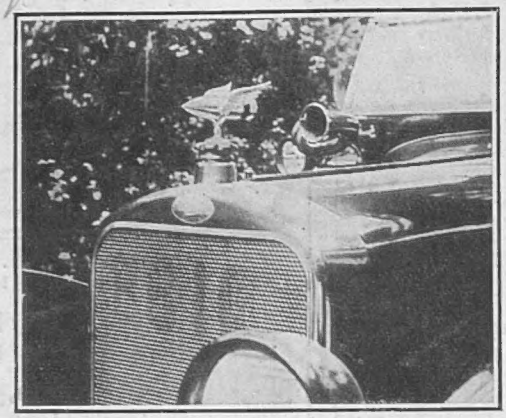
* * *

A Vague Definition

There is now going to be a fine wrangle as to what constitutes a commercial vehicle or the parts thereof, and whether a doctor's car, a commercial traveller's car, and others used practically exclusively in trades or professions, are commercial vehicles within the meaning of an exceedingly slipshod definition; and again as to chassis, imported assembled, or in parts, which are used for commercial as well as private vehicles according to the type of body subsequently fitted. As to these, more anon. Meanwhile it may not be out of place to point out that, tyres and commercial cars being exempt, we have practically nothing for revenue from import duties at all, or, if we have, it will be almost wholly consumed by the cost of collection.

From the Front

A letter from my friend, Mechanical Staff-Sergeant Georgius Ward, of late a gentleman of much delicacy and ability from the north country, but, since August 12 of last year, with an address on a supply column somewhere in Flanders, (not less a gentleman, I am sure, but with the outside gilt somewhat mellowed and impaired by military conditions which call for a normal working day of from 16 to 24 hours salvaging and restoring cars and lorries with the assistance of mobile repair shops, and in cavalier disregard of trade union rates and rules) —Staff-Sergeant Ward, avoiding the unpardonable sin of long-drawn parenthesis, writes to say (*a*) that he would not be out of it for anything, and (*b*) that when his boys get loose again in the homeland, they will make the garage and repair shop proprietors "sit up." Both I can well believe. The first needs no comment, although a sigh may not be out of order; and the second —well, the second offers such a field for improvement that the sitting up process is likely to be a very severe and painful affair for some of the garages and repair shops we wot of, if the boys afore-mentioned really have a chance to get busy. But the boys will have to bring a good supply of high explosives with them. Nothing less will affect the invincible sloth, pre-adamite methods and robber tariffs of one or two of the shops and garages I have in my mind.



A MASCOT FOR THE MUNITIONS MINISTER

A winged shell presented to Mr. Lloyd George by a certain manufacturer as a tribute to the Minister's masterly management of munitions. In the job of speeding munitions Mr. Lloyd George is speeded by a Sunbeam car

C.A.V. LIGHTING & STARTING.—BRITISH MADE THROUGHOUT. Comfort in Starting, Safety in Driving, Immunity from Risks on Treacherous Roads. Catalogues Free.—C. A. VANDERVELL & Co., Electrical Engineers, Acton, London, W.

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TO FORD OWNERS.—The Claudel-Hobson special carburettor set for Fords, price £5 5s., increases power and reduces consumption. Once set never requires alteration.—H. M. HOBSON, Ltd., 29, Vauxhall Bridge Road, S.W.

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Civil, Military & Naval Tailors

By Royal Appointment to H.M. the King of Spain.

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IT is quite time that the misleading term "Officers' Regulation Khaki" was stopped. This description is now being used in all parts of London by firms offering uniforms at absurdly low prices, who have never previously produced a military garment. Let the newly commissioned officer thoroughly understand that there is, unfortunately, NO regulation quality for officers' khaki, and he is therefore at the mercy of the firm from whom he buys. With a recognised West-End military tailor he has nothing to fear, because his reputation is at stake, but if he succumbs to the bait of cheapness he will pay a very bitter price during the rigours of the winter campaign. Every officer should realise that on active service the clothes he stands up in may have to last him indefinitely.

The prices quoted by Pope and Bradley represent the minimum at which uniforms of the best quality can be obtained, and are reasonable, because the House is one of the largest buyers of officers' khaki in London.

Service Jackets	from	£3 13 6
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A. & F. Pears, Ltd., 71-75, New Oxford St., London, W.C.

The Menu: Different Ways of Treating Apples

Apple Gâteau
Apple Amber Pudding
Brown Betty Pudding
Apple Soufflé
Parisian Apples
Crab Apple Jelly

Apple Gâteau

Boil 1 lb. of loaf sugar in half a pint of water until it becomes a thick syrup. Peel, core, and quarter 2 lb. of apples and cook them in the syrup with the rind of a half, and the juice of a whole, lemon. Meanwhile, soak ½ oz. of gelatine in a teacupful of water, add to it the apple pulp, stir well over the fire till dissolved. Put all through a sieve, and then into a ring mould which has been soaked in cold water; when cold, turn out, stick with almonds, and fill the centre with whipped cream and squares of red-currant jelly.

Apple Amber Pudding

Slice six large apples, put them in a stewpan with 3 oz. of moist sugar and 2 oz. of butter, add the juice and thin peel of a lemon. Let all stew three-quarters of an hour, till tender. Rub the apples through a sieve into a basin, and stir in the yolks of two eggs. Line a pie-dish with paste, pour in the mixture, and bake in the oven twenty minutes. When it is a light brown spread over the top the white of the eggs beaten to a stiff froth with 2 oz. of castor sugar. Put back in the oven and bake a few minutes.

Brown Betty Pudding

Peel, core, and slice six large apples and arrange them in a pie-dish with alternate layers of white breadcrumbs, the top layer being of crumbs. When the dish is full pour over it a quarter of a pint of water, which has previously been mixed in a basin with a quarter of a pint of golden syrup, two tablespoonfuls of Demerara sugar, and a little lemon-juice. Bake in a moderate oven for thirty minutes. Sprinkle castor sugar over before serving.

Apple Soufflé

Melt 2 oz. of butter in a stewpan, stir in 4 oz. of corn-flour, mix well, then add one pint of milk, stir well till it boils; remove it from the fire, stir in 4 oz. of apple pulp and the yolks of four well-beaten eggs. Add the whites beaten stiff; stir lightly till well mixed. Butter a mould, and fill to within an inch of the top with the mixture. Place the mould in a stewpan of hot water, with a piece of paper at the bottom to prevent it slipping, and put in the oven, not too hot, and bake three-quarters of an hour. Turn it out and pour a sauce round. The apples must be stewed with sugar and rubbed through a sieve.

Parisian Apples

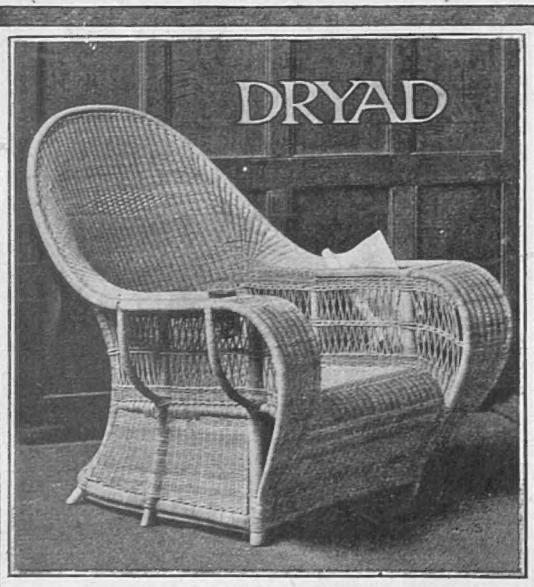
Stew some large apples or bake in syrup in the oven until tender. Core them carefully and fill the centres with plum or strawberry jam, and a very little whipped cream on the top of each. The syrup, which should be coloured with cochineal, must be poured round the apples. They can be cored before they are cooked.

Crab Apple Jelly

To each quart of fruit allow one pint of water, the juice and rind of one lemon. Boil and strain, but it must not boil to a pulp—just enough to allow the juice to run through the bag. To each pint of juice add 1 lb. of sugar. Boil till it jellies (about twenty-five minutes after it comes to the boil) The pulp can be rubbed through a sieve, and made into moulds. Do not peel or core the crab apples.

N.B.—In cooking apples it is essential that flavouring should be used, either cloves, lemon-peel, or powdered cinnamon.

EMILIA



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